



LITERARY *Cavalcade*

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SPEEDBIRD

• A Photograph by A. F. Sozio

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OUR FRONT COVER



Ice-boating, one of the most thrilling and daring of sports, is also one of the most beautiful to watch. Skimming the slick surface like some strange species of bird, the slender and graceful ice boat provides a full measure of thrills mingled with the risk of a spill on a rough spot in the ice. Before the Diesel locomotive, ice boats on the Hudson River raced the fastest trains of the New York Central Railroad—and won. The official record for an ice boat is 143 miles an hour. A few boats, in unofficially timed flights, have built up speeds of 160 miles an hour. Although the large ice boat of an earlier day is still around, more and more tiny "Frostbites" and "Scooters" are making their appearance, some of them a match for their larger sisters. Americans were pioneers in the building of craft with incredible speed, but ice-boating was known hundreds of years ago in Scandinavian countries.



LITERARY cavalcade

VOLUME 2 • NUMBER 4 • JANUARY, 1950

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**What he had waited for so long would happen at three
that afternoon; then he would become a new man**

It seemed to Peter Lencioni only proper that so extraordinary an occasion be treated in an extraordinary way. As he stood on his doorstep in the stark southern California sunshine, ready to leave for the studio, his fiddle case tucked under his arm, he gave his sleepy wife a sudden, lover's kiss.

"Hello breakfast, one man. Hello dinner, a different man," he said. "Different American man. To speak better English, too. You're gonna see the difference."

"I'm not sure that's part of it," his wife said, smiling at him from the doorway. "Do you want me to meet you down at City Hall?"

"No," Peter said. "Better I'll come home all done. I'll bring a cake, some wine. Nobody outside for dinner, right? You and me, right?"

"Nobody. All right, Peter," his wife

said. "You'd better hurry, though. You've got a lot of recording to do before three o'clock. Good luck."

Peter hurried across the little strip of lawn to the garage. In a moment he was driving along Venice Boulevard toward the studio, thinking more intensely today than the other days because this was the last—about the business of changing one's citizenship.

Today's occasion had made him think of Milan again—think of it in a somewhat different way than he had thought about it in all the five years he had been in America. He thought of his father and of his grandfather and the centuries of Lencionis who had been proud to be Italians, and he wondered what they would think of him on this day when he was to renounce Italy.

At forty-four Peter Lencioni knew that he had exactly what he wanted and he was old enough to be grateful for it, young enough to enjoy it thoroughly. To his father and the other

Lencionis, Italy had meant something quite different, anyhow. Even his father hadn't lived long enough to learn the extended meaning his generation was to give to such ordinary words as *concentramento* and *campo*.

Unconsciously Peter glanced down at his hands on the steering wheel, to the thin, jagged, white scars down the back of each of his fiddler's fingers. Absently he flexed them, turned his left hand over so that it held the wheel lightly from below and fingered a swift arpeggio along its plastic rim.

At least his father would have liked Helen; Peter had no doubt about that. He would probably have been startled by some of Helen's American ways, but he would have sat up to listen to her when she talked about Mozart. And he would have thanked Helen for wanting to marry his son, for making it two years easier for him to become an American citizen and to renounce a sort of land the old man had never imagined.

Peter turned across the car tracks on Venice Boulevard toward Washington where the squat, utilitarian buildings of the motion-picture studio came in sight. Peter had worked a good deal in this particular studio, more than in some of the others.

So far as he was concerned the dif-

Where Else in the World?

By LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

Illustrated by Katherine Churchill Tracy



JANUARY, 1950

ference between one studio and the next existed almost entirely in the personality of its musical director. He had found that he liked all of these men in greater or lesser degree—at least he disliked none of them. A couple had played under him at one time or another in Milan, others he had heard play in Europe, or he had played compositions of theirs, and some were native-born Americans.

Anyhow, they were musicians, all of them. They knew a fiddle player when they heard one, and Peter was still learning to pretend that there was nothing remarkable about receiving for a few hours of playing Strauss waltzes and what was known locally as “buzz-buzz music” twice the sum he had once received as soloist for playing the Sibelius D Minor Concerto in the Prague Opera House.

That was remarkable enough, but when Helen was added to it, his own house, his own land, his friends and their little string quartet, good food, and a climate like southern Italy, what more could a reasonable man ask? One thing more, one only: to become a citizen in name and exercise a legal working right in the place in which he found so much that was desirable. This afternoon at three o'clock in the Los Angeles City Hall even that technical wonder would become official.

PETER parked his car in the parking lot across the street from the studio. In a moment he was striding down one of the concrete alleys of the gray, windowless city, swinging his fiddle case at his side, toward stage eleven, the recording stage.

Peter knew he was in for some kidding today, but he knew he wouldn't mind. Indeed, he looked forward to it. The year before he had been on hand the day a Czech timpani man had got his final papers, and he had felt conspicuously out of the horseplay on the recording stage, not yet a member of the club. Today, if they liked, they could give him hot-feet and change notes on his music until they dropped for all he cared.

He pushed open the heavy, padded door of stage eleven and adjusted his eyes to the gloom. He was early. A dozen musicians stood around the podium at the opposite end of the huge sound stage from the screen on which the picture they were to score would be projected. They talked quietly. Another sat at the piano bench reading the morning paper by a work light. An oboe player had set four straight wooden chairs in a row and stretched across them, sleeping peacefully.

Peter knew all the men. Together with two hundred or so more they played the music that wound up on most of the thousands of feet of musical sound track to leave Hollywood each year. They were not an orchestra or a dozen orchestras. They were simply a large body of first-rate musicians, living in a given locality, who were called by a studio's musical director, in numbers determined by a picture's budget, who then became an orchestra for an hour, a day, or a week. When a job was done they ceased to be an orchestra and became again individual instrumentalists.

Before Peter had time to join the group around the podium the door behind him opened and Paul Danasz, the musical director, came in. Danasz was a big, exuberant ex-Hungarian in his middle fifties, who had once been a tuba player in the Budapest Symphony.

He had been a notable success in his present job for over thirteen years and he enjoyed it thoroughly—composing bits and pieces of background scores for numberless successful movies, conducting the shifting orchestra, hiring, firing, earning two thousand dollars a week. Today he wore a green and red plaid shirt buttoned up to the throat without a tie, gray flannel slacks and *espadrilles*.

“Lencioni!” he shouted, as soon as he was in the door. “Little old Pietro! An American today. Today's a big day, ha, kid? How are you feeling?”

“Feel fine, fine,” Peter said, grinning. Danasz' huge voice attracted the attention of the others. They turned toward the door and recognized Peter. “Yi, Pete!” a little bald man called over, pointing. “Who you going to vote for, Pete?”

“Not you, you bum,” Peter called back.

After a few seconds Peter turned the conversation away from himself. “Well, what do we play today,” he said, “buzz-buzz?”

“Buzz-buzz and Tchaikovsky,” Danasz said. “This is a big picture, what's the matter? Leslie van Horn picture.” As he spoke he took Peter's fiddle case out of his hands, set it on a chair and opened it absently. “What time you got to be downtown?” he asked.

“Three o'clock,” Peter knew what Danasz was up to with the violin. Musicians were always doing it.

“Plenty of time,” Danasz said. “We'll be through here before one. Rehearse a couple hours, then record an hour. Not much. Van Horn's coming over.”

“What for?” Danasz shrugged his big shoulders. “How do I know?” he said, peering into the violin case. “Why do directors

ever come to hear they pictures scored? Close they eyes, listen to some music, tell me to change a coupla notes, go home and tell they wives about music. They got nothing else to do for a while.” Danasz touched the face of the violin lightly with his third finger. “What do you think, Papa Amati, ha?” he said. “Pietro thinks he can change you into an American fella. I don't think so, though. What do you say, ha?” Danasz took the violin out of its case and began to tune it, plucking it lightly close against his face.

Peter watched him, smiling patiently. They always wanted to fool around with the Amati, even sousaphone players. Peter didn't mind so long as they were musicians. Danasz' big fingers held it as gently, as securely as a competent doctor holds an infant.

Danasz tucked the instrument under his chin and began to tighten the bow. “You know, Pietro,” he said, “you know what was in Hollywood when Papa Amati made this fiddle, ha? A couple Indians. No more.”

Peter laughed. “Hollywood! You know what was in New York City? Coupla more Indians.”

Danasz nodded and stroked the bow rapidly across the strings several times. Peter closed his eyes, stuck out his tongue, and held both hands to his stomach. “Better you wave a stick,” he said.

WHATEVER Danasz had been going to say went out over his head, his face broke into a quick smile and he called over Peter's shoulder, “Van. Hello, Van. They told me you might be coming around. Real nice to see you again.” He stepped past Peter, holding out his hand.

Leslie van Horn, the director, took it. “I probably won't be able to stay through the whole session,” he said, looking around him, “but I'll stay until my office calls me.” He spoke precisely, with what would have been the residue of an English accent had he not been born in Michigan.

He was a foot shorter than Danasz, a chunky, heavy-set man with a big bald head, which he held tilted back as he talked. He wore a studiously mussed gray flannel shirt and a black knitted tie under a loose-fitting Norfolk jacket tailored of dun-colored corduroy. On his feet were extraordinarily thick-soled bluchers, which gleamed like a general's boots even in the dim light of the sound stage. Van Horn had been in Hollywood almost twice as long as Danasz and earned exactly two and a quarter times as much. “Well, are we ready?” he said.

"It's kinda early, Van," Danasz said. "Some of the boys aren't here yet." Van Horn looked at his watch. Danasz continued: "What do you say we sit down, Van, ha? I want to tell you about the music. I got some very terrific original music. You know, I ran the picture seven times all through, all alone in a room by myself, before I wrote down a single note just to get the touch of it, you know how I mean, Van? Seven times I watched it—"

Danasz led Van Horn toward some canvas chairs near the podium out of Peter's earshot. Peter bent over to close his fiddle case. "Yi, yi," he said to himself, "that's not so easy to be musical director. Seven times."

In the sort of time in which each man unconsciously waited for the next man to start something happening, ten minutes passed by. Then Danasz' huge voice rolled around the place. "Toscanini's a bum!" he shouted delightedly. "Looka that, just take a look, Van. Four concertmasters. Hey, Pietro! Murray! Where's that Schultz guy? Come on over!" Danasz, standing beside Van Horn's chair, was laughing and flapping his day's call sheet over his head.

"You talk about orchestras, Van," Danasz was saying, "where do you think you're going to find an orchestra like this one, ha? Just now I'm looking down the list of my first fiddle players for today and I notice—four concertmasters! Not one, four I got. Look, Van." Danasz waved his hand proudly from man to man like a prize-fight announcer. "Murray, concertmaster, Kansas City; Lencioni, Milan; Skillin, Pittsburgh; Schultz, Oslo. Where else in the world, Van, ha? Where you going to find a fiddle section like that in one orchestra?"

Van Horn smiled, crossing his legs and leaning back in the canvas chair. "Yes, it's remarkable," he said, speaking to Danasz, "and you're right."

Danasz was beaming. "That's right," he said. "You right, Van. I thought maybe four concertmasters—you know, maybe we got a good story on the picture for publicity, ha?"

"Sure," Van Horn smiled, "none of it's bad, you know. Remember to tell Eddie Phillips when you see him."

"Maybe I'll call Eddie now, ha?"

But Van Horn held up his hand, shaking his head good-naturedly. "No, not right now. Eddie's busy on the press book. He'll be around."

For an instant Danasz looked crestfallen, then his eyes fell on Peter. "And Lencioni here, Van," he said; "today he gets to be an American citizen, final papers."

"Well," Van Horn said, nodding. "Good boy."

About the Author . . .

• Lawrence Williams was born in 1915 in Tenafly, New Jersey, and educated in the United States and Europe. After an interval of various occupations—ice-cream salesman, song plugger, artist's model, truck driver, radio announcer—he became an actor. He played in stock companies around New York and New England and in eight shows on Broadway. In 1938 he went to Hollywood and, as Larry Williams, made over thirty pictures for Warner Brothers before the war. During the war he worked for the Office of War Information. He left because of an illness which kept him bedridden for a year and a half. At that time he began to write, and he has considered writing his profession ever since.

"I'll tell Eddie Phillips about Lencioni too, ha?"

"Do that," said Van Horn.

"Lencioni's got an Amati fiddle, Van, you know?" Danasz continued. "They had old Pietro in a camp during the war, you know? And those dopes didn't know one kinda fiddle from another kind and they let him keep it."

Van Horn frowned. "Amati," he said, not permitting his voice to ask a question, "that's—ah—"

Danasz' big laugh interrupted him. "Excuse me if I laugh, Van," he said, "but you probably forgot. Nicolo Amati, he's the fella who taught Stradivari how to make a fiddle, you remember?" Van Horn said nothing. "You talk about fiddles, Van. These four boys really got some fiddles. I didn't think just like this before, but these four boys really got something to see. Murray's got a Strad, beautiful violin. Lencioni's Amati, and Schultz and Skillin both got Guarneris. You probably know Guarnerius, Van, ha? He's a master fiddle maker the same time as Stradivari. Why, you know Paganini, Van, he wouldn't touch another violin but a Guarneri. You want to see them?"

Van Horn didn't answer directly. "That's quite a collection," he said. "I suppose instruments like that must represent quite an investment. What do you suppose they are worth, in the aggregate?"

"Worth?" Danasz repeated. "The fiddles? All four? Zzzz! Fifty-five, sixty thousand dollars."

Van Horn looked up at him quickly. "Sixty thousand?" he said.

"Sure, easy," said Danasz, whose estimate, at that, was probably off by no more than ten or fifteen per cent.

Van Horn then looked up at the four concertmasters for a moment, seeing what they looked like. Then he got up deliberately and walked to the telephone, set on a stand in the middle of the stage, and picked it up. "Publicity," he said, and after waiting a moment, he said, "Van Horn. Tell Eddie Phillips I want him on stage eleven. I've worked out an item for him. Tell him now." He hung up and returned, smiling, to the group around his chair. He didn't comment on his call. "Can't we start now?" he said to Danasz.

"All right, boys," Danasz called. "What do you say?"

As Peter took his seat at the left of the podium and began arranging the music on his stand he watched carefully the faces of the other three concertmasters out of the corner of his eye. He was looking for something in their faces which he supposed must be in his own. But he was able to detect nothing in particular. They were Murray, Skillin and Schultz, symphony concertmasters, well-paid, busy violinists, preparing to do their job. Peter shook his head quickly, feeling foolish.

He looked at his wrist watch. Six hours before he would be an American. He found that he was able to put it out of his consciousness for the time being. He realized he had been a little childish about the ceremony itself. That wasn't the way a man became an American, all in a minute. It took time, like all good things.

Danasz rapped his baton against his music stand. "Okay," he said, "let's go. Two flats."

"Wait," Peter said, looking strangely at his music. "I got four sharps. I got the wrong music for this thing—"

"You shut up, Lencioni," Danasz interrupted. "We know what to play. Let's go." Danasz brought down his baton, and the orchestra, the best orchestra in the world, smashed out the first bars of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Peter found himself sawing out an independent, discordant melody in two sharps. The music of the eighty-man orchestra swelled in all its great force and echoed and hammered back again.

When Peter looked up, Danasz was shaking with laughter. "Per voi, Pietro!" he shouted above the din.

Then Peter saw that all their eyes were on him. It was an elaborate gag and one which had been well kept. In a moment, as they watched his face, the wind-instrument men started to break up, unable to blow their instruments any longer. Then Peter, too, started to laugh, and in no time he had found their key on his grandfather's Amati.

A raucous analysis of modern laughter, spiced with
a hilarious collection of funny stories

By EARL WILSON

Illustrations by William Hogarth



12 Rules for Fools

You merely:

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Exaggerate. | 7. Satirize. |
| 2. Understate. | 8. Be Anticlimactic. |
| 3. Disappoint. | 9. Be Nonsensical. |
| 4. Compare. | 10. Be Topical. |
| 5. Be Incongruous. | 11. Be Sadistic. |
| 6. Be Irrelevant. | 12. Be Punny. |

FOR several years, in listening, in traveling, in reading mountains of miscellany, I've been trying to analyze our modern laughter. Often I stop right in the middle of a belly laugh and ask myself sharply, "What am I laughing at, anyway?"

There's no better way to spoil a joke.

When I was launching this titanic investigation, a kind but misinformed friend apprised me that Mark Twain had said there were seven original jokes, so I looked high and low for those for a couple of years.

I doubt that he ever said it.

If he did, it was the best joke he ever played on us.

"No, I think it was this way," another friend said. "The experts say there are seven basic humor situations."

Another two years shot.

So finally I worked out for myself "The Twelve Rules for Fools." After reading these carefully anybody can be funny, provided he was funny before reading them. Any number of humorists attribute their reputations to the fact that they have never heard of Wilson's Twelve Rules for Fools.

To simplify it (oh, YEAH!), how do present-day writers and comedians make people laugh?

By shocking or surprising them.

How do you surprise them?

Play a trick on them. Trap them.

How do you trick them and trap them?

Are you sure you want to know? This starts to get difficult.

Reprinted by permission of Willis Kingsley Wing from *Let 'em Eat Cheesecake*, by Earl Wilson, published by Doubleday and Co., Inc. Copyright 1949 by Earl Wilson.

I agree that these may not be easy to remember. So I've taken the first letter of each word (the initials) and fitted them into a short, convenient, memorable word that you can carry around in your head constantly as a key to laughter. In this way you can make up a joke any time you need it. The convenient, memorable word is, as you've already guessed:

"Eudciisantsp."

Too often laughter is put in the upper intellectual reaches—way up around the penthouse somewhere.

In *Don Juan*, Lord Byron wrote:

If I laugh at any mortal thing

'Tis that I may not weep . . .

while Horace Walpole concluded that "life is a comedy to the man who thinks and a tragedy to the man who feels."

These give you a feeling that laughing is to be done only in the public library.

The main point of laughter is to laugh, and above all there should be laughter about laughter. And for that reason I will give you back Lord Byron and will cling rather desperately to a little ex-vaudeville fellow, now on the radio, a man by the name of Joe Laurie, Jr., who'll be astonished to find himself hanging around in the same piece with Lord Byron.

What Joe Laurie, Jr., said was:

"He who laughs, lasts."

As I rush along here posing as a big authority on laughter, I sadly realize that I probably didn't know enough about it to make the reader appreciate that I was trying to joke when I quoted the "Eudciisantsp" formula.

Well, I was trying to joke, see?

Yet laughter can be broken down into about a dozen classifications—which

overlap considerably—and it is my solemn intention to cite a sample of each.

Exaggeration

Stretch your story and stretch it again until it's ludicrous, thus:

Fred Allen: "A vice-president is a man who doesn't know what his job is until he's been there six months, and by that time he's no longer with the organization."

Bob Hope: "I wouldn't say that Louella Parsons doesn't like me, but when she says her prayers, she says, 'Faith, Skelton, and Charity.'"

Understatement

Link a picture of great strength with a sudden picture of weakness this way:

Bob Burns said his uncle Slug fed TNT to a neighbor's pig which kept getting into his corn. One day the pig's owner happened to kick the pig right in its TNT area. Bob said, "For several days that was the sickest pig you ever saw."

Comparison

The "so small that . . ." "so fat that . . ." "so ugly that . . ." jokes are mostly comparisons.

Herb Shriner: "My hotel room is so small that when I die they won't have



to put me in a casket. They'll just put handles on the room."

Fred Allen: "The Gaiety Delicatessen is so small that they have to carry the liverwurst in endways."

Incongruity

The shaggy-dog stories may be several types, but if incongruity is that consisting of "inharmonious elements," then this dog, shaggy or not, belongs right here.

Goodman Ace had a pure white dog which he named Blackie. On his wife Jane's birthday he brought Blackie to Jane and said to Blackie, "All right now, Blackie, say 'Happy Birthday.'" Of course Blackie wasn't talking. After which Ace said to his wife: "Now isn't that the dumbest dog? I taught him to say 'Happy Birthday' and now he won't do it!"

Irrelevancy

Irrelevancy is easy to explain.

Croucho Marx's classic was and is: "We went on a hunting trip and what an active life we led! Up at six. Breakfast at six-thirty. Back in bed by seven. One morning I shot a bear in my pajamas. How he got in my pajamas I don't know."

Satire

Satire—ridicule, sarcasm, irony. It can be the cruelest of all.

During the days of the Great Despond in Washington, when the Democrats thought they couldn't win, a Democratic satirist coined this: "Now let's stop and think. What would Truman do if he were alive?"

Anticlimax

"Do you know what I'd do if I were in his shoes? Get them shined," is a short anticlimax. Here's a longer one.

A newly rich New York woman was walking her dog along Park Avenue, very pleased with herself and the dog for attracting attention to her. An old lady stopped her and asked her:

"What kind of a dog is he?"

"A Doberman pinscher," she replied grandly.

"Does he bite?"

"Oh no-o-o-o," said the swanky lady. "He just pinches Dobermans."

Nonsensical

Nonsense may at times be anticlimax or irrelevancy or incongruity.

Or this: Colonel Stoopnagle maintained that his friends gave him a new smoking jacket, but no matter how hard he tried stuffing it into his pipe, the sleeves hung out.

The Topical

The trouble with the topical joke is that by the time you get it written and told, it no longer is.

However, Hal Block gave this observation that's been a typically topical topic for several years:

"Stalin is planning a new radio program to be called 'I, the People.'"

Sadistic

If you have a nightmare that scares you until you scream, cash in on it. Make a joke out of it. Most of the "laughing at one's fears" jokes would be sadistic.

Or this one, from England.

An airplane pilot had to bail out in the English Channel. A rescue launch which came by was operated by a former bus driver. As the launch came up to where the pilot was floundering helplessly, the ex-bus driver and now launch skipper yelled, "Full up, no standing," and went on past, leaving the pilot to drown.



The Pun

If this is the lowest form of humor, we put it the lowest on the list. Ed Wynn had one of the most celebrated modern puns when (so he said) he ordered lamb au gratin and the waiter yelled to the chef, "Cheese it, the chops!"

Now that you've absorbed Wilson's Rules for Fools, I can tell you in one word what to do with them:

Nothing.

You might memorize all these classifications and samples and try to make up new jokes to fit the classifications, but the most successful funny men and humorists don't do it that way. They never think of a joke so mechanically or cold-bloodedly. Few comedians have thought it out as thoroughly as I have. They needn't. They are funny by instinct. (Or their writers are). They might put jokes into two classes: good and bad, or clean and risqué. But Jack Benny would no more say, "Let's put an understatement joke in here," than change into a big spender type of character.

So another Rule for Fools is not to



get this deep into laughter. Because then you get to working at it, and when you work at laughter you want a complete change on your day off, and thus on your day off you find yourself hunting for double funerals.

They Keep Coming Back

Ed Wynn was complaining to me one day that he was hearing nothing but old jokes on radio and television.

"But here's a brand-new story for you," he said, lighting a big cigar.

"It's about a man who wanted to buy Macy's store. You didn't hear it, did you?"

"No," I said.

"Well," Wynn said, settling back in the luxury of his Park Avenue apartment, "a little fellow went into Macy's one day and said he wanted to buy the store. He asked the price of it.

"They told him the price would be \$490,000,000.

"The little fellow said, 'Well, the price is all right. I like the location. I like the way you have a subway stop here to bring the customers in. Can I bring my wife in tomorrow to look at it?"

"So," continued Wynn, "next day he brought his wife in.

"She liked it, too, and the little fellow said to the executives, 'What did you say the price is?"

"They told him again that the price was \$490,000,000.

"The little fellow nodded and said, 'The price is all right. I have no complaint against the price. My wife likes it and I like it. But—can we think it over until tomorrow?"

"Next day the little fellow came in with his wife and they went right to the executives of the store.

"The little fellow said, 'We have decided not to take the store. The price is all right. In fact, it's very reasonable. But we decided not to take it because there's no place to sleep in the back.'"

I printed the story the following day. A few hours later my friend, Irving Hoffman, phoned me.

"That Macy's story," he said, "was printed in Louis Sobol's column about a year ago."

All this proves that Wynn was right—there are a lot of old stories around. Some comedians maintain that "there is a new audience every seven years."

People die, babies grow up, an entertainer takes an old story and gives it a new setting or puts new names in it, and it becomes the current "new" story.

Other entertainers steal it from him. Everybody seems to be telling the "new" story. Now it becomes an old story—again.

It's forgotten until seven or nine or eleven years later, when some entertainer decides it's about time to make it a "new" story once more. It becomes new and old all over again.

1910 to 1940

Ed Wynn told me he was pretty pleased with a joke he wrote in 1910.

He made it up for a show called *The Deacon and the Lady*.

Harry Kelly, the star of the show, told it.

Kelly was trying to deflate another character in the show who was proud of his health.

"Whv," Kelly said, "my great-grandfather died four years ago at the age of 105. We dug him up the other day and he looks better than you do now."

It was a smash laugh. Twenty years later, in 1930, Wynn used the same joke in a show called *Simple Simon*.

Once more it was a smash laugh.

Now in 1939 came the smartest, most sophisticated show in years, *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, written by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. The most quoted joke in it was that one.

The movies made *The Man Who Came to Dinner* and used that joke, of course.

Some months ago when I was doing some humor-researching in a Middle Western city, a popular storyteller who didn't know all this background that Wynn had given me assured me that he believed the movies had picked up this very story from him.

"From you?" I said in surprise.

"Yes," he said. "I used to tell it around here. I don't remember where I got it."

"I was invited to Hollywood to make a speech and I told it out there."

"Then it showed up in the picture, and I always thought somebody might have heard me tell it and passed it on to Kaufman and Hart."

Of course, even that could have happened.

Taft to Taft

Almost every election there's a joke that goes something like this:

"Dewey's got his eye on the presidential chair, but look what Truman's got on it."

They used it in '48 and they used it in '44. In '44 Gracie Allen told it and was sternly rebuked by somebody who had

used it a month before and accused her of stealing it.

"To me that was pretty funny," Ed Wynn told me, "because I used it in 1912 about Woodrow Wilson and William Howard Taft, and now I could have used it about Robert Taft. The Lord knows who used it first!"

The radio-television columnist, Paul Denis, reported in the *New York Post* of December 23, 1947, that Groucho Marx on his radio program the night before had asked a British war bride where she embarked from.

"Liverpool," she said.

"Isn't that," said Groucho, "where they make Carter's Little Liverpools?"

On January 2, 1948, author Max Shulman pointed out to columnist Denis that he regarded Groucho as a great wit, incapable of stealing a joke, and that he was sure it was no more than a coincidence that this gag was on page 55 of his (Shulman's) book, *The Zebra Derby*, published in January 1946.

But some surprises awaited him.

Bennett Cerf wrote to Denis that this gag had appeared in his book, *Laughing Stock*, in 1945, credited to Harry Hershfield. Note that this book was out a year ahead of Shulman's.

Then Leo Fild, the singer-writer, chimed in that he had heard Abbott and Costello use it in 1943, and that he had "sold" it to the comedy team of Howell and Bowser, who had used it at the Zanzibar in New York in 1944, a year ahead of Cerf's book.

All this vastly amused Maurice Firth,

About the Author . . .

• Earl Wilson, whose newspaper column, "It Happened Last Night," is syndicated from coast to coast, was born in 1907 in Rockford, Ohio. As Arthur Godfrey says, "Earl is an Ohio boy, but believe me, he's come a long way from Ohio—several proud Ohioans made sure of that."

When Earl was twelve he informed his two sisters that he was going to be a journalist and began to peddle papers. He studied at Rockford H.S., Heidelberg College and Ohio State U.

While at Heidelberg Earl wrote for two Ohio papers, and he went to work for an Ohio paper after his graduation. His next job was with the *Washington Post*, where an unauthorized interview with author Gertrude Stein landed him on the other side of the threshold. He then went to the *New York Post*, and after seven years as a rewrite man he was moved to the amusement desk, where he started his column.

Wilson has written several books of humor. He is married and has one son. His wife accompanies him nightly on his gossip and story-gathering rounds.

a newspaperman who had covered vaudeville in London.

"The gag was used in England as far back as 1909, and almost every comedian used it," he said.

Marx by now was fairly happy about the whole thing.

"In the future, I'll crib from S. J. Perelman," he promised Denis. "Sid's a much older man and usually out of the country."

Pretty Old Pups

It's really quite astonishing how old some of these "new" stories are.

During a recent political campaign I rushed into print with a story supposedly hot off the joke writers' assembly line—the one about the puppies.

A small boy was selling puppies at a Democratic rally. A prospective purchaser said to the boy, who was very wise, "What kind of pups are these, son?"

"Oh, they're Democratic pups, sir," said the boy.

"In that case," laughed the man, "I'll take two."

A week later there was a Republican rally, and the same boy was there, trying to sell two pups that he had left. Finally a man came up and asked him what breed they were, and the boy said: "Oh, they're Republican pups, mister."

"Well," chuckled the Republican, "I'll buy them."

With the deal completed, the boy was sticking the money in his pocket—but just then the purchaser of the first two pups, the Democrat, stepped up and said, "See here, boy, when I bought some pups from you a week ago you said they were Democratic pups."

"Why, s-sure, mister," said the boy, "but you see, they didn't have their eyes open yet then."

That's the story that was going around in 1948 and will go around again in 1952. I've traced that story back and found that Abraham Lincoln told it in the campaign of 1860.

At first I was a little ashamed of myself for having fallen for such an old story.

Then late in 1948 *Time Magazine* started a section called "The Stories They Tell."

Here *Time* reproduced stories that had been picked up by the magazine's alert correspondents in all the bustling foreign metropolises.

I read this each week for the crisply fresh new stories.

One week in December, 1948, I found in *Time* the puppy story—but now it was against a Russian and Communist background—and the puppies now were kittens.

**A story of the Missouri and of flight and a
manhunt—and the strength of a Frenchman with iron fists**

By A. B. GUTHRIE, JR.

The Last Snake



THE noises of the night kept Ross awake. He lay under his bush and listened, his mind building things out of the sounds that he couldn't place.

There was the lipping of the Missouri along its banks, the rush and mutter of the current, the whine of the west wind in the trees that rose darkly above him, the far howling of wolves. These he could account for. But the crackling of a twig, the give of the willows, as if brushed by skin or fur, by Pawnees or Sioux or Rees or the great, fierce bear that mountain men told about! He saw them in the dark—Pawnees with roached combs of hair and painted faces, the white bear smelling him out, its jaws dripping. They made Carpentier seem tame. Almost, he would have welcomed Carpentier.

He lay tense under the bush, needled with alarms, feeling danger closing in, feeling the great lost distances of the Missouri pressing him, seeing the days ahead in a long parade of frights and fatigue and hunger. A coyote yipped close, and he pictured Indians making animal noises as they crept ahead with their scalping knives, and fright threaded through him, running along with his blood.

He had given in to fear. It had seeped into him day by day as the keelboat fought the mad Missouri and the gentle hills and woods of home had run into bald, deserted deeps of land and sky. He had given in to fear and felt no shame about it. It left no room for shame. He had to get away, away from the dreadful distances, away from even dreader things ahead, back to St.

Charles or St. Louis or the farm he'd left, where trees and houses arose round a man.

Through his bush he could see a handful of stars, shining far off and lonely, paling to the upcoming moon. He wished for morning to come so that he could be on his way, hard though it was, through thickets and trees and deadfall along the river. Along the bare hills the going would be easier, except that Indians might spot him and cut his scalp away.

The cold of earth was creeping into his clothes, inside the worn breeches, inside the coat, into his smallclothes, inside the skin itself, so that he knew how it was with a snake.

His Pap had said you had to kill your own snakes, and Pap had killed his, except at the last. A strong, mean, bossy man, Pap had been saying "Maul them rails today. Hear!" or "Git the field planted!" or "I'll whop ye, boy, if'n you don't git off your backside!"

He could listen for noises and be afraid and think about Pap all at the same time, as if part of him was here and part of him back there, hating Pap again, seeing the bushed face and the little eyes and the hand ready with a whip. Nothing had fazed Pap, not nature or man or anything, until the last. He had stood strong, sure of himself, bossing his family and fighting neighbors if need be. In a way, you had to give him credit.

The wind had lulled to a whisper, and now it was gone Ross thought he heard something—movements off at the edge of hearing, the rumble of voices, a step and silence and a step, and the water quiet now along the shore, and somewhere a bird cried and he caught the whistle of wings. It was a breeze playing tricks in the bushes; it was his ears overstraining; it was just that he

was beat down and nervous. He waited, his breath light in his throat, but the sounds didn't come again, and he didn't know whether it was worse or better not to hear them.

At the last, Pap had weakened, and it had come to Ross with a sick jolt that some things were too much even for him. Pap with the bellyache, the long bellyache, and the strong voice whiny, and the little eyes looking for the help he'd never asked before. Pap feeling sorry for himself, saying, "God, can't you help a man?" or "I'm tar-nally sick, Andy," or "Seems like I'm too young to die. I don't care to die." His bushed face would twist and his eyes leak tears, and he would pray and pray and hold his belly while the strength ran out of him. At the last, Pap couldn't kill his own snakes.

Ross strained for the echo of voices, for the faint step, for the sounds of moving, while the far-off part of him dug at Pap. It was strange he should be thinking so much of Pap, except maybe because Carpentier put him in mind of him. It was while Pap was dying that Ross had hated him most, seeing him turn soft as mush and ask help and want the kindness, the good-wishing he never had given anybody himself. Pap had been like a tree broken down, like a big sycamore or poplar that you would figure should have stood as long as time. Ross wasn't more than twelve, maybe, when Pap turned up his toes, but he had learned something. He hadn't thought the same since. "Maul them rails! Git the crop in!" And then the whiny voice: "Can't you do some'n for me? You aim just to let me die?"

The night seemed quieter. The stream kept busy and now and then the breeze worked in the trees and the coyote kept yipping, as if to show he

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was a sure-enough coyote, but the other sounds were gone. Still with his ears cocked, Ross felt himself drifting toward sleep.

He'd have to sleep and be up and away, for they would hunt for him. They would send Carpentier and maybe a man with him, and Carpentier, the woodsman, would follow his trail like a turnpike. Carpentier—with a nose like half a cob and eyes sharp and black as pokeberries, his shoulders wide, his hands hard, but his feet quiet along the banks and his finger clever on the trigger. Carpentier would whip him, or shoot him, depending, and take him back to the keelboat, shaken and ashamed inside. It wasn't a little thing the way they figured, to desert a keelboat bound for the upper Missouri. Men had been killed for it.

It was when he signed up for the trip that he had made his mistake. It was when he agreed to go to Fort Floyd and beyond, if called on, and had signed his name to a piece of paper. In St. Louis, things seemed exciting up-river. Voices joked with you, and you signed up, feeling big.

Afterwards, you learned what you'd done. The pushpole ground into your shoulder, and the towrope, the cordelle, burned in your hand, and you had to unload so as to lighten the boat and float her off bars, and along the deep banks you grabbed at brush and pulled her along. And you tried to keep up with the Creoles, who could work from before sunup to after sundown, and then sing a song and catch a piece of sleep and be ready to go again.

It wasn't the work, though, that bothered him: all his life he had worked. It was that the country got wilder every day, the river lonelier, the trees scantier, until at last the great bald hills ran out from the river, ran on forever, to distances that numbed the mind.

Lying there, close to sleep, he knew it was the emptiness, the loneliness that scared him most and swelled his other fears. He was a woodsman, a hill-and-tree and closed-in man. Out where the sky lifted and the trees runted away and the eye ran dizzy, he saw the roached Indians forming out of nothing, the white bear rising from the empty land, and death laughing in the open waters and along the straggly shores.

"Poltron!" Carpentier had called him, his broad face snarling. "Coward!"—because once at dusk, with the sun sunk in fire and loneliness like an ache on the land, he hadn't wanted to take the towrope through a willow thicket.

The Creoles were uneasy, too, for they had seen Indians earlier in the day—a dozen Indians who sat their horses on a hill, outlined against the sky, and watched the boat toil up the river. The big eyes of the Creoles swam along the shore to the thicket and back to Carpentier. They were afraid, but they would go, being more afraid of Carpentier, as if he was Pap to all of them.

"I don't care for it," Ross said.

They had brought the keelboat in to the bank, for the water had grown too deep for poles and the wind wrong for the sail, and the crew had piled out. "I don't aim to go," Ross had said.

It was then that Carpentier snarled, "Poltron!" He made for Ross, his black eyes snapping, while the crew drew back, and he slapped Ross with a hand big as a pie plate and hard as hickory. "Go!"

There was no help for it then, even if Ross had been afraid, and he wasn't afraid exactly, not of Carpentier or of a fight or of things in the open. He had stood up to Pap once, knowing beforehand he would be whipped. He swung, aiming for the half cob of nose, and Carpentier pulled away from the blow and grinned, liking to fight and finding few to fight with.

Ross rushed and swung again, and felt Carpentier's fist like a club in his face. He covered with his forearm and hit out and heard the knock of bone on bone and felt a numbness in his hand. Far off there came to him a clucking from the crew, and he knew it was because he had scored.

He bulled at Carpentier, swinging wild, taking blows in return. He screeched out, "Poltron—" and caught his toe on a stub. It was only the beginning of Carpentier's lick that he felt.

He came to with an ache in his head and the taste of blood in his mouth. He rolled over and got up, dizzy and silent, and took the rope. The fight was all out of him. He reckoned he wasn't born to be a fighter, remembering how Pap had beat him to his will. A silent hate filled him as he and the crew pulled safely through the thicket—hate of himself and of Carpentier and of a world in which he was no better than a bound boy.

It seemed a long time ago, lying under the bush half asleep. He wasn't a talking man, and he hadn't talked to anyone afterwards, except for a word or so with little Nedean. Nedean was a splinter of a Frenchman, whose eyes spoke the fright in him. "It is too bad, my frien'," he said. "But for the tripping—who knows?—maybe so you would have won."

The sympathy of this small woman

of a man half-comforted and half-shamed Ross. "Wouldn't have made any difference."

"How?"

"We would go on just the same."

"To be sure."

"Doin' this, doin' that, all on somebody else's say-so."

Nedean's eyes were like a squaw's, large and liquid. He clucked his sympathy.

"I'll get away. I swear I'll get away."

"It would be good, except for Carpentier."

"Darn Carpentier! You up to it?"

The big eyes rolled and he said, "That Carpentier!"

"Keep your mouth shut then."

Nedean drew back, hurt. He said, "To be sure," and sidled away.

Ross knew then he would run off. He would get up at night while they slept on shore and pick his way among the men and dodge the guard and start down-river.

Was it only last night? The moon tilting up in the east, throwing the shadow of the eastern woods long on the water, the men lying like beasts, like cows in a dark barnyard, a night-hawk's whimper in the deeps overhead, the guard asleep, slumped half off the bole of the tree he had rested his back against. . . .

Ross had closed his hand on the rifle by his side. Already he had powder and ball and flint and steel, and in his shot pouch there was the little bit of parched corn he had sneaked from the cook's supplies. He slipped the horn and pouch over his head, working with quick carelessness. Under the rising moon he could make out Carpentier, sleeping five strides away, his back turned, the breath gargling out of his big lungs. The keelboat was a black oval against the running silver of the river. He would sneak to the dead fire and steal a joint of meat, or a piece of the salt pork and a hatful of the lye corn they had lived on before game grew plenty.

He eased out of his blankets, wondering whether to crawl or walk. To crawl would be less noticeable, but to be caught crawling would be bad. Standing, his rifle would show. A man roused at night didn't take a rifle with him to the skirts of the camp—or powder and ball. He walked stooped over, his rifle held low in his hand.

Carpentier's snore broke off, and Ross halted, feeling the tapping of his heart. He looked around and saw Carpentier move in bed, easing himself on the ground. The snoring began again, short and light at first, then long and deep. Ross let a foot move, and the

other, making toward the dead fire. The cook slept flat on his back, his face open to the night. The moonlight glinted on the ball of an eye not quite shut. Ross held up again, watching the eye. It seemed to him that the night under the moon was light as day, except in the crouching shadows of the trees.

The cook had put his supplies away, packed them away in great, round cans that were proof against rats and mice. The cans had lids that came off hard. He tried one of them and gave up, knowing it would make a noise as his nails pulled it free. The kettle sat black in the white ash of the burned fire. He reached toward it, slowly, and remembered that it held a stew; he couldn't carry a stew in his hands.

As he stooped, uncertain, the guard grunted and hitched himself back against the tree. He would be half-awake now, making his sleepy eyes find the keelboat, making them search the edges of darkness, making them travel over the camp, before he let himself drop off again. If he called, Ross would say, "I'm hungry."

He waited for the call, his rifle flat against the ground. He made himself hold still and breathe light. The guard began to sag over.

Of a sudden, Ross gave up the idea of food. He felt a panic rising in him. He must get away. He must slide in the cover of the trees. He slowed his panic to a soft pace. The shadows eased toward him, the cottonwoods and willows. They took him in.

He halted in the darkness, torn now inside, wanting to go back and wake Nedean and beckon him to come. Now that he was away, about to be lost in this wild and endless world, he thought he couldn't stand up to it alone. But Nedean wouldn't come. Or he would make a noise. He would cry out at being touched—the sudden, hoarse cry of a man sleeping with fear.

The river glimmered through the trees. Ross got his bearings and started off again, trying to walk quietly like Carpentier, like a wild thing, like an Indian.

He walked all night, while fears crested in him and died away and crested again. An elk or deer rustled up ahead of him and crashed through the brush. A fowl—a wild goose, he guessed it was—broke from under his feet as he walked along the shore. He heard sounds, of skunk or rabbit or the moccasined feet of Indians. He walked far into the day, knowing the hunt was on, that somewhere behind him came Carpentier, reading the signs of his passing as another man might read a page of print.

He held to the fringe of growth in the valley, squirming through willows, climbing over deadfall and drift, sometimes sighting the bare ridges that lifted beyond the valley floor and wishing he might travel there. But Carpentier would spot him—and Indians, the blood-hungry Rees or Pawnees or Sioux who invaded the country of the harmless Poncas.

He had stopped on the tongue of land that lifted from the river and found the bush he lay under now and crawled beneath it, his legs limber, his stomach empty, the corn long since eaten.

Sleep teased away from him. He thought he heard a step again, and again he wanted to rush out. It was the not knowing that undid him. It was the thinking ahead. *Poltron?* He could face what he had to face when he faced it, but not before. Unknown things! Unseen. Fearsome. The awful distance. The white bear creeping on him. Indians gathering around.

He heard only the river and the breeze and tried to shake thought from his head, and after a while he dozed and awakened with the ache of cold in his legs and saw the moon paling in the west and the faint banner of the sun along the eastern hills. He dozed again.

A bird woke him up, welcoming the morning. The sun was half up. Steam lifted from the river. He crawled out from under the bush, dragging his rifle with him, and stumbled to his feet and then he lifted one knee and the other, flexing the kinks from them.

The world lay quiet in the long sun. It lay deserted, as if waiting for the hand of man, for plows and mills and joking voices on a levee. A hawk sailed in the sky. Dew beaded the bushes. Down-river, towns would rise, and men would be getting out of snug beds, readying for the day. Somewhere upstream was Carpentier, following like a hound—

And then Carpentier stood before him, in the little clearing between his clump of bushes and the heavier growth that rose farther from the shore. Nedean, the little Frenchman, was at his side.

"All right, Ross." The known voice came soft as something dreamed. "We catch you."

Carpentier stood still, his rifle ready in the crook of his arm, his broad face showing watchfulness and pleasure with himself.

Ross heard his own voice say, "It was you."

"Me?"

"Walking, talking, last night. Sneaking up on me."

"Non. We only guessed. Let down the rifle!"

"We just arrive," Nedean said. "By river. A man stop at camp in the canoe, and Carpentier he borrow 'er. The river catch us up to you."

"Let down the rifle!"

"No one gets away from Carpentier," Nedean bragged, and Ross knew he was thinking back, thinking he had been smart not to make a break, too.

Carpentier said, "You come now."

"I ain't going back."

"But yes," said Carpentier.

"I ain't a slave."

"Non. *Voyageur. Engagé.*" Carpentier took a step ahead, over a fallen log that separated them.

Back of him, of a sudden, in the pattern of branch and leaf, Ross saw the roached combs of his fight, the hunting eyes, the painted faces, hanging without bodies as if blooming in the bush. He stiffened and cried out, "Injuns! Back of you! Injuns!"

Nedean leaped like a doe and fell behind the log, but Carpentier stood as before. "It is the old trick. Let down the rifle!"

The feathered arrows sounded like flushed birds, like a family of bobwhites kicked from underfoot. Ross saw Carpentier faster ahead, like a man tripping, and then fall and squirm behind the log, the tufted shaft of an arrow sticking from his back.

He ran for the log himself. An arrow flashed by him. He dropped between Carpentier and Nedean.

Carpentier was sighting along his rifle. Words came out of him in little grunts of command. "Up! Watch! Up, I say! *Non!* No shoot! One at the time."

Out of the tail of his sight, Ross saw the black eye narrow along the barrel and the long rifle leap to the shot. A howl came out of the woods, and another flight of arrows. They whistled overhead or chunked into the log.

The faces had faded from the woods, the roached combs withered from the bushes. Ross saw the leaves moving, the shine of dew on them.

Carpentier had rolled over to reload. "Watch now! Not too quick!"

Ross couldn't make out what to shoot. There was movement in the bush, a feather showing, a brown patch of leg, an eye like an acorn, movement sliding into movement, movement sliding into leaves and branches, into nothing, and none fixed long enough to get a bead on.

Nedean made a noise beside him. He had forgotten Nedean, but the instant that he gave himself he saw him frozen behind the log, not daring to poke an eye over or bring the rifle up. There was the look of naked terror in his face, the catching look of terror, and Ross jerked his eyes away, wanting only the numb-

About the Author

Almost everybody who knows him calls A. B. Guthrie, Jr., "Bud," and it is likely that even he would have to think a minute just who Alfred Bertram Guthrie would be. There is nothing of the conventional author about him. Even now, when he is just under fifty, he looks and talks like a good, experienced young reporter on a Kentucky newspaper. The fame of his two books, *The Big Sky*, and *The Way West*, and the emergence from the anonymity of his newspaper years have left him entirely untouched. He remains Bud Guthrie.

When Bud was six months old, his father moved from Bedford, Indiana, to the town of Choteau, Montana. There the boy learned to know and love the high country of the West, and his first experience as a newspaperman was working as printer's devil on the Choteau *Acantha*.

There were other jobs too—with the Forest Service, on an irrigation project

in the Yaqui Valley in Mexico, in California for Western Electric, and even in a grocery store. But in 1926 he went to Lexington, Kentucky, and got a job as a reporter on the *Leader*, where he stayed for twenty years.

During this period, he married a girl named Harriet Larson. They still live in Lexington and there are a boy and a girl in the family. In the winters Bud conducts a course in writing at the University of Kentucky. In the summer the Guthries move west to a simple mountain ranch-lodge outside Choteau.

Perhaps the most important event in Bud Guthrie's career was winning the Nieman Foundation fellowship for working newspapermen, which took him to Harvard for a year. At Harvard he had time to complete the writing of *The Big Sky*, already begun. And once established as a writer, he seems to have found the ultimate job for which all the others were preparation.

ness, the whirl of things seen and heard, the not thinking of what could be while the body answered to Carpentier's commands.

Carpentier worked with his gun. He lay half on his back, so as to have the cover of the log, and cupped his hand around the muzzle and spilled powder into the slanting barrel and took a ball from his mouth and fumbled it in, his face set and sore because his hands worked poorly.

Ross hunted the woods and still saw nothing and sneaked another look at Carpentier. The butt of the arrow jerked to Carpentier's motions, binding against the flexing muscle, the head of it cutting deep inside him. The butt hit the ground as he leaned back, and he started up, his jaw ridged.

The bead of Ross' rifle hung on living brown. The flintlock bucked in his hands. The puffs of the pan clouded his target, but he knew he had hit. He could tell from the punky sound of the ball, from the cry that went up.

He reached over and pulled Nedea's gun from him and handed him his own. His voice barked, "Load, you! Help out!" Nedea only looked at him.

Carpentier had got back on his stomach. He had trouble sliding the rifle up. He ground out, "Only four, five, maybe half-dozen. Pawnees." His eye leveled along the barrel, but he didn't shoot. "They draw back, to come again. Maybe try sneak around." His head began going down by little stages, as if the neck didn't have strength to hold it. He let it rest on his arm. "We 'ave time to breathe."

The brush rustled as the Pawnees pulled away. Deeper into the woods, or maybe beyond them on the foot of the river ridge, they went on, howling.

Nedea tugged at Ross' sleeve. "We go," he whispered, running his eyes from Ross to Carpentier's bent head. "The dugout, she's just back there."

"Carpentier?"

Nedea still whispered. "He died, anyway."

Carpentier rolled his head on his arm so as to see them. His face was pale as the underside of a fish. Except for the eyes, he might have been dead.

Nedea looked away.

Ross said, "How you, Carpentier?"

"Not dead." He stared at them quietly, reading what was in their minds and nothing showing in his face except what was there before—the hard strength, the driving power, the harsh force that made a man want to beat him down and break him and see the mush beneath.

The arrow slanted tall from his back. A round, smooth, arrow, fitted neat with feathers. An arrow to invite the fingers, the hand, the hard grip, and then the sudden pull. And then the face would break, the pokeberry eyes melt, the hard mouth twist with pleading.

"Quick, Ross!"

Nedea's small hand pulling at him, and his own hand going out, as if by itself, the balls of the fingers feeling the feathered stick, the fingers closing hard, the arm jerking. His voice sounded choked. "Got to get that arrow out."

The body flinched, but not the face. The face said, "Non. You leave the head."

The shaft hung and let go and pulled out headless, the end red with blood.

Nedea's hands kept tugging at Ross. "The river! To St. Louis! Quick! It be too late."

It would be easy. They'd sneak down the bank while the Indians figured on a new attack. They'd jump in the dug-out and go.

"Come on! *Mon dieu!*"

It was like someone else speaking, someone with an edge to his voice like a knife. "Can't fool with me, Carpentier." The mind went on, making talk. *Can't fool with you, you hear? No need to keep your eyes on me. Can't boss me, Carpentier, not with a berry patch of eyes and a rock for a face. You're scared, Carpentier. Own up to it. No one kills the last snake.*

The face held him—the cobnose, berry-eyed face.

Why'n't you beg, Carpentier, you that's so hard? Beg, and I can leave you for mush. Why'n't you beg and leave me go?

It was like reading words in the face, words saying Carpentier would lie there, not begging for anything ever, saying he was hard and ungiving, alive or dead.

"Quick! They stop yelling. They come on."

Ross felt his mouth speaking, heard the words come hoarse, "Get up, Carpentier! You can get up."

Nedea was crying. "Non! You are the crazy man, Ross."

"Crawl then! Here. Arm over my shoulder. We'll both crawl. Crawl, darn you, crawl!"

Travel like a worm. Rocks creeping by, willows, the bush slept under, arm like a bar across his neck. Plant corn, boy. Run like a rabbit, Nedea. Who cares?

A man could stand up now, screened by bushes. He could lean his rifle against a willow and listen and hear nothing. He could bend over and get hold of Carpentier and, while his eyes filmed and the blood swelled his skull, lift him over a shoulder and take the rifle and stagger down the bank.

Nedea was in the dugout, ready to cut loose—too ready.

Ross splashed out and rolled Carpentier in the canoe and got in himself. Nedea cut the rope and pushed her around and dug with the paddle.

Downstream was St. Charles, St. Louis, New Orleans, the settlements of men; upriver the bald hills, the distances, the world opening into nothing.

Nedea turned his head around, a question in his eyes. Ross stared back at him. He said, "Which way you *think*, darn it?"



From a portrait by Sir Gerald Kelly

By W. Somerset Maugham

[Fifty-seven years ago W. Somerset Maugham made the first entry in his private notebook. Year by year, as he matured, traveled, met people, saw the world change, he continued to write down his observations. Here are capsule stories which were never expanded into actual stories, in some cases accompanied by the reasons why he didn't publish them; the original notes of some stories; advice to would-be writers; philosophical reflections; thoughts on life, friendship, democracy, language, and a whole host of other subjects. The excerpts which follow all deal with plots for short stories.]

1933. They're both dead now. They were brothers. One was a painter and the other a doctor. The painter was convinced that he had genius. He was arrogant, irascible and vain, and he despised his brother as a philistine and a sentimentalist. But he earned practically nothing and would have starved except for the money his brother gave him.

The strange thing was that though bearish and uncouth in manner and appearance he painted pretty-pretty pictures. Now and then he managed to have an exhibition and always sold a couple of canvases. Never more.

At last the doctor grew conscious of the fact that his brother wasn't a genius after all, but only a second-rate painter.

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A Writer's Notebook

Notes for stories from a great writer's intimate journal

It was hard for him after all the sacrifices he'd made. He kept his discovery to himself.

Then the doctor died, leaving all he had to his brother. The painter found in the doctor's house all the pictures he had sold to unknown buyers for twenty-five years. At first he couldn't understand. After thinking it over he hit upon the explanation: the cunning fellow had wished to make a good investment.

• • •

1938. A week or two ago someone related an incident to me with the suggestion that I should write a story on it, and since then I have been thinking it over. I don't see what to do. The incident is as follows:

Two young fellows were working on a tea plantation in the hills and the mail had to be fetched from a good way off so that they only got it at rather long intervals. One of the young fellows, let us call him A., used to get a lot of letters by every mail, ten or twelve and sometimes more, but the other, B., never got one. He used to watch A. enviously as he took his bundle and started to read. He hankered to have a letter, just one letter, and one day, when they were expecting the mail, he said to A.: "Look here, you always have a packet of letters and I never get any. I'll give you

five pounds if you'll let me have one of yours." "Right-ho," said A., and when the mail came in he handed B. his letters and said to him: "Take whichever you like." B. gave him a five-pound note, looked over the letters, chose one and returned the rest.

In the evening, after dinner, A. asked casually: "By the way, what was that letter about?" "I'm not going to tell you," said B. A., somewhat taken aback said: "Well, who was it from?" "That's my business," answered B. They had a bit of an argument, but B. stood on his rights and refused to say anything about the letter that he had bought.

A. began to fret, and as the weeks went by he did all he could to persuade B. to let him see the letter. B. continued to refuse. At length A., anxious, worried, curious, felt he couldn't bear it any longer, so he went to B. and said: "Look here, here's your five pounds, let me have my letter back again." "Not on your life," said B. "I bought and paid for it, it's my letter and I'm not going to give it up."

That's all. I suppose if I belonged to the modern school of story writers, I should write it just as it is and leave it. It goes against the grain with me. I want a story to have form, and I don't see how you can give it that unless you

can bring it to a conclusion that leaves no legitimate room for questioning. But even if you could bring yourself to leave the reader up in the air you don't want to leave yourself up in the air with him.

1916. The engineer told me about Ah Fons. He started life in Hawaii as a coolie, became a cook, bought land, imported Chinese labor, and in the end became rich. He married a Portuguese half-caste and had a large family. They were brought up as Americans and he felt himself a stranger among them. He had a deep contempt for Western civilization. He thought of the wife of his youth in China and the life of the seaport in which he lived then. One day he called his family together and told them he was going to leave them. He disappeared into mystery.

There is the making of a story here, but I never wrote it because I discovered that Jack London had already done so.

1923. Rangoon. They were father and son, both skippers of tramps belonging to a Chinese firm. The father idolized his trim, smart, handsome boy and was horrified when he fell in love with a Burmese girl, but not just in love, head over ears in love. He was infatuated. He went native, and eventually lost his job.

The older man got the idea that the girl had cast a spell over the boy and determined to save him. One day she was found drowned. No one knew how she had come by her death, but everyone believed that the father was responsible. The boy was broken-hearted. He went all to pieces, and the passionate affection that he had had for his father turned to a deadly hatred.

1933. Ernest P. He was a young Frenchman, of good family, very brilliant and expected by his family to have a distinguished career. He was to go into the diplomatic service.

At twenty he fell madly in love with a girl eight years older than himself; but she married a more suitable person. It broke him up. To the consternation of his family he threw up the studies which would enable him to pass the necessary examinations and took to social service in the slums of Paris. He became deeply religious and immersed himself in the literature of mysticism. There were troubles in Morocco at the time, and he joined a dangerous expedition and was killed.

All this had a shattering effect on the woman he loved, on his mother and his friends. They were deeply disturbed.

They felt that here among them had lived one in whom there was something of a saint. His sweetness, his goodness, his piety, his nobility of soul made them ashamed—and afraid.

I thought there was a moving story to be written on these bare facts, and I was interested in the influence the life and death of this poor boy had on those who had been in contact with him; but it was too difficult for me to cope with and I never wrote it.

1933. London. The barber. He got his job when he was sixteen. He was then a well-grown boy big enough to pass for the eighteen which he said he was, with a mop of curly fair hair the luxuriance of which had encouraged him to enter his trade. He was fond of reading poetry, and on Sundays—in those days a barber worked six days a week—he made pilgrimages to the various places which were connected with the poets he was at the time interested in.

He visited Chalfont St. Giles while he was reading *Paradise Lost*; he had seen the birthplace of Keats and the house in which Coleridge had lived; he went to Stoke Poges and wandered in the churchyard which had suggested Gray's *Elegy*. He had a delightful and naive enthusiasm. All his spare money he spent on books. He had his midday meal at an A.B.C. [inexpensive restaurant] and while he ate his scone and butter and drank a glass of milk he thumbed a precious volume.

It was at an A.B.C. that he first saw the young lady who afterwards became his wife. She worked in a dressmaker's shop in Dover Street. Then he had a son. While he was courting her his wife had admired him because he was so well-read, but when they were married it made her impatient to see him con-

stantly poring over a book. When he got back from his work and they had eaten their supper she wanted him to take her out for a walk or go to the pictures.

They had been married for seven or eight years when the war broke out. He enlisted, and by the influence of one of the men whom he had shaved habitually was sent out to Russia with armored cars. He was away for the duration of the war. The end of it found him in Rumania.

At last he came back and returned to his job. He was a young man still. He was thirty-three. The prospect of cutting hair and shaving chins for the rest of his life dismayed him, but he did not know what else to do. That was all he knew, how to shave chins and cut hair.

His wife thought he ought to be thankful to have a good job to come back to. He did not get on so well with her as he had done before he went away. She thought him crotchety and fanciful. He was impatient because she was so well satisfied with the life she led.

He saw that he would never escape from the necessity of earning a decent living so that he could support her and the boy. The boy was ten now. He began to loathe his customers. I asked him if he still read. He shook his head. "What's the good?" he said. "It'll never get me anywhere." "It'll take you out of yourself," I replied. "Perhaps it will. But I've always got to come back."

He had only one thing left, the determination to give his son the freedom that was denied to himself. He was beaten, he had no longer any hope; but savagely, vindictively, he looked forward to his son revenging him vicariously for the loss of his own illusions.

When his son grew up he went into the hairdressing business, but for ladies, because it pays better.

About the Author . . .

● W. Somerset Maugham was born in Paris in 1874 and spoke French before he spoke English. Both his parents were dead by the time he was ten and he was sent to a clergyman uncle in England. Such an atmosphere would normally point to the ministry as a career, but Maugham was handicapped by a stammer. His uncle and he agreed on medicine as a profession. Medicine bored him, however, and his spare time was crowded with reading and writing.

Once Maugham had completed his study of medicine, he abandoned the profession and wrote his first novel, *Liza of Lambeth*. He went to Spain and then to Paris, where he wrote plays and short stories. For nearly ten years his talent went unappreciated. In 1907

his play, *Lady Frederick*, became a smash hit in London. The next year four of his plays ran simultaneously in London—a record.

In 1912, Maugham rewrote a novel completed in 1898. Published in 1915 under the title *Of Human Bondage*, it established the author solidly as a novelist. The story's central character, Stephen Carey, is Maugham himself, thinly disguised.

A writer of tremendous self-discipline and energy, Maugham's output of stories, plays and novels is large. However, incredibly honest, Maugham has said that if anything of his vast amount of work survives after his death, it will be one or two plays and three or four short stories.

ARE YOU especially intrigued by the form of the short short story? Then you'll learn a lot from Valerie Swirzcki's "Fear in the Night." Notice how she creates character and situation with a few swift strokes. Valerie's short story won a third prize in the Scholastic Writing Awards of 1949.

Fear in the Night

Night and a star-studded sky covered the main street of Cedar River as it lay dormant after the hustle and activity of the day. It was cold and clear, and so late an hour that only an occasional shadow ventured through the dimly-lit streets.

Inside one of the many enterprises dotting the thoroughfare, a man, slightly stooped, with a thin patch of graying hair, pushed back the drawer of his cash register and began to count the day's receipts. His tired expression and wrinkled brow were suggestive of a hard day's work.

"Not bad," he muttered, a wan smile lifting the drooping corners of his mouth as he gazed at the small pile of bills. He stuffed the money, amounting to approximately two hundred dollars, into a worn leather wallet and gently fingered the faded surface. With one lingering glance he tucked the billfold into the pocket of the topcoat he had slipped on. As he extinguished the light overhead, he heard a merry whistle and swung around to see the Negro porter busily attending to his nightly rounds.

"Night, Mistuh Witherspoon," he said, his face wreathed with a broad grin. "Good day, suh?"

"Sure was," the man replied, thinking with satisfaction of the money he was carrying. Then turning, he said, "Good night, George," and walked briskly down the corridor. The street door slammed behind him, and the lock clicked shut.

A cool breeze struck his face, relieving the warmth and closeness of a day spent trying to please the uncertain and harried customers who had thronged the counters on this last day of the January sale.

He breathed deeply of the fresh night air as he thought with relish of the snack Martha would have ready and of the cozy atmosphere that awaited him. Then, when they were seated before the fire for the usual nightly chat, he would tell her the surprise. His eyes twinkled boyishly as he pictured how Martha's face would light up when he showed her the money and how delighted she

would be when he told her of his sale of surplus goods to the unknown businessman.

He turned the corner and was met by a chill blast which sent flurries of white paper against his coat. Absent-mindedly, he shook them off. Then he caught a glimpse of the nondescript creature, roughly shaven and beggarly, who lounged against a building. Turning up the collar of his topcoat, he hurried on.

Suddenly his ears became attuned to the sharp staccato of heels upon the cement pavement. The sounds came louder and faster. Half-turning, he saw the beggarly man in pursuit. Thinking of the money within his pocket, his hands grew clammy. He hastened along rapidly, carefully listening for the steps. The heels continued to click against the concrete, and the old man's suspicions were verified. He rounded another corner, his gait quickening perceptibly; yet the ill-clad stranger continued to follow. His breath came in gasps and he began to run up the street. No one was in sight. His terror increased as he heard the footsteps coming closer, closer with each passing second.

"I must get away; I must," he said aloud, his voice wavering as a half-sobbed breath escaped his lips. The knot in his chest tightened as visions of his body, beaten and robbed, fleetingly passed through his mind. He stumbled on in the darkness. Then his legs, weary and tired with age, buckled beneath him. The man was upon him



Young Voices

Selections Contributed by Student Writers

now. He could no longer escape. He whispered faintly, "Oh, God, please take care of Martha for me!" His muscles tightened and he waited for the inevitable blow to fall. Then, through the ringing in his ears, he heard a gasping voice say:

"Hey, Mister, did you lose this?" And the beggarly stranger held out in one grimy hand the brown, faded wallet.

Valerie Jane Swirzcki

Vincention Institute
Albany, New York
Teacher, Sister Mary Carmel

H. M. Marlowe, Jr., while loudly protesting that he couldn't write a verse to save his life, comes up with a poem in the best comic tradition.

I Could Never Be a Poet

I could never be a poet
for I could never bring myself to
rhyme *love* and *dove* and *woo* and
coo
and I never punctuate
and my spelling and capitalization
would be all wrong
and my meter would never be right
and I know nothing about couplets
and elegies and rondeaus and feet
and I mix my metaphors
and words like *assonance* and *hyperbole*
and *onomatopoeia* are Greek to me
and I can never stick to one subject
and I invariably bring in everything
from the moon to poets to elm trees
to ships
in one poem
and my vocabulary is so limited
that I cannot say *intrepid* when I mean
brave
and I call a magician a *magician* and
not a *necromancer*
and my imagination is evidently ab-
normally weak
for I always think of the moon as being
the moon
and not as a beautiful lady smiling
warm and refulgent on blue-mirrored
lakes
and touching white-canopied mountains
with her fingers

and fog to me is just annoying stuff that slows down traffic when I am in a hurry to get somewhere and positively never do I think of it as a huge lion stalking its prey so considering all this I think that I shall be a soldier or a mechanic or a farmer or perhaps a doctor or a lawyer but not a poet.

H. M. Marlowe, Jr.
Baxter Seminary
Baxter, Tenn.

Finally, here's a delicate nature lyric that will remain in season up to—and after—the first January thaw. William Weinhaus, Jr., took a fourth prize for poetry in last spring's Scholastic Writing Awards.

Snow Fall

Stillness.
Chilled stars sparkle.
The swish of blue snow as it is whipped over the white barrenness by an icy gale.
Stillness: Black, shifting shadows of bare branches crunching together, smooth and shiny with their frozen, glassy coating.
Stillness: In the midst of a cold, wet maelstrom of diamonds, sparkling in the moonlight.
Stillness: Snow creaking underfoot; clear, frosty blue sky.
Hear the freezing crystal heavens tinkle as bits of ice fall from them and sing through the tense atmosphere, like a thousand silver sleigh bells showering downward.
Stillness.

William Weinhaus, Jr.
Brentwood High School
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Teacher, Virginia Appel

In a humorous essay, Judy Milgram takes another current fad over the hurdles—but she does it as gently as possible.

Dogs, Furs, and Stuff

I was much impressed by an article in the current issue of a well-known magazine.

The exciting subject under discussion was that of matching the color of one's fur to the color of one's dog, or vice versa. Since this new, revolutionary idea may well set the fashion for years to come, it's advisable to study it carefully.

In a delicate matter like this, one must exercise taste and originality

when buying either a coat or a dog. If one decides on a red fur, it is naturally imperative to dye one's dog too. I for one can imagine nothing more pleasing to the eye than a scarlet canine. Also, those mothers and daughters who delight in wearing matching outfits may now have the pleasure of adding a dog to the ensemble. If one happens to have a pet dog that is multicolored or spotted, a corresponding dye will have to be used on the fur. This will, of course, open up an entirely new field in dye manufacture



that may well reach extraordinary proportions.

I can see where it would be difficult to tell the woman and the dog apart, but any human being with a little perception and intelligence will be able to surmount this obstacle. Then again, the dog might be confused. If a dog starts following you around by mistake, you may attribute it to poor eyesight.

Dogs will be infinitely more attractive to one another. No longer will they be confined to dull, unimaginative colors, but may now blossom forth in Shocking Pink or Gangrene Green.

At any moment you'll be hearing about a new advertising stunt that offers a matching dog with every fur coat you buy.

Judy Milgram
Philadelphia (Pa.) H. S. for Girls
Teacher, Rose Glaymen

When Marilyn Lerner looks at a clock, she isn't reminded of all the time she's wasted. She—but read her thoughtful free-verse poem and find out for yourself!

Time

What can clocks tell of time?
Can one-toned ticking tell the tale of life?

For time is that most delicate thread
That weaves the texture of our days
The background on which we
The craftsmen of our destinies
May trace our life's own patterns.
Time multicolored, faceted, and clear,
Shifting with the images that we ourselves

May focus on it,
Ticking clocks with dread monotony
Tell of a substance neatly packaged
into hours

Buoyant colors shaded into gray
And shafts of truth primly sheathed
With careful suitability
That eyes and ears and heart alike
May never be affronted.
Intangibility is trapped in symbols
And guarded by revolving arms
That touch this magic into commonplace.

What can a robot know
Of amber-tinted hours that live preserved in memory
Like pictures seen through polished glass?

Hours our hearts have molded into
fragrant patterns
Do they exist to span
The silence between the chirpings of
a cuckoo clock?

Time on clock face is dehydrated time
Time parched by suns of common sense
And drained of earthy meaning
Left a dry and neutral dust
Neatly sifted, antiseptic
Divided into little measured piles
Of fives and tens.

Marilyn Lerner
Princeton (N. J.) High School

See Yourself in Print in Literary Cavalcade

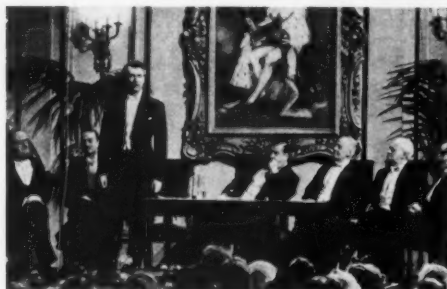
● *Literary Cavalcade* welcomes original writing by all high school students, the best of which will be published in "Young Voices." Writers whose work appears in the magazine will receive a copy of *Saplings*, a collection of the best student writing of previous years. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Young Voices Editor, if you wish your contribution returned. Individual comment and criticism will be given at the editor's discretion, when requested. Writing may be in prose or poetry. The material submitted will be automatically considered for prizes in the annual Scholastic Writing Awards. Run on both a regional and a national basis, the Awards bring recognition to outstanding students and honor to their schools and teachers. There are over 20 classifications, explained in a rules booklet supplied to your teacher. The May, 1950, issue of *Literary Cavalcade* will be the Student Achievement issue.



1. Hamer Radshaw (Michael Redgrave), born in a Manchester slum, works for a green-grocer, studies alone at night, struggles hard, is elected to Parliament.



2. With sabre of Peterloo, relic of an 1819 massacre, given him by his grandfather, Hamer incites striking miners to riot. One miner is killed. Hamer denies it was his fault.



4. Ann becomes a leader in woman suffrage movement, then unpopular. At a political meeting, Ann heckles Hamer, asks him where he stands on votes for women. Hamer flinches as he watches a man slap Ann, does nothing. Ann is arrested.

The Story of Hamer Bradshaw . . .

Based on Howard Spring's novel, *Fame Is the Spur*, this British film tells the life story of an imaginative idealist who goes into politics and is destroyed by his vanity and his hunger for fame. Blessed with the gift of oratory, Hamer Radshaw finds that he can twist a mob to his will. But Hamer's oratory is only a tool to win personal glory. He achieves this glory—by betraying his ideals and the voters who support him. At the end of the film, Hamer is Lord Radshaw. But he is also an old man living alone in pitiful senility, despised by his friends and the workers he once pretended to champion. The film was produced by John Boulting for Two Cities and directed by Roy Boulting.



3. Hamer's wife Ann (Rosemund John) loves him, helps him write speeches he delivers in Parliament, becomes slowly aware that her husband is concerned with himself, not with issues.



5. Ann goes on a hunger strike, refuses to eat for four days. She is finally released, but her health is destroyed. She has contracted T.B. Ann dies. Hamer is left alone with his career.



6. Hamer is Lord Radshaw now, an honor bought at the price of his ideals. But he can no longer draw the sabre of Peterloo. Like Hamer, the sword has rusted in its elegant sheath.

Fame Is the Spur

The Story of Willie Stark . . .

Out of Robert Penn Warren's Pulitzer-prize novel, *All the King's Men*, Robert Rossen has fashioned a film that crackles with action. Willie Stark is a small-time reformer in a Southern state. Self-educated, Willie says he has one creed—"to do good . . . my study is the heart of the people." Willie becomes a spellbinder, learns to use political slogans, and the people send him to the governor's chair. Once in the state capitol, however, Willie changes into a power-mad dictator. He crushes opposition ruthlessly. With his eye on the White House, Willie is finally stopped by an assassin's bullet. The film was written, directed and produced by Robert Rossen for Columbia Pictures.



2. Willie is approached by scheming politicians who ask Willie to run for governor. They plan to use him as a stooge to split the vote in order to get their man into office. Willie agrees to run on ticket.



4. Willie campaigns for governor in own right, aided by Jack and Sadie (Mercedes McCambridge), his secretary. He is swept into office. Now Willie's actions don't jibe with slogans.



6. Willie gets more and more powerful. He is shot by assassin (Shepperd Strudwick), who is killed in turn by Sugar Boy (Walter Burke), Willie's bodyguard. Willie dies in capitol.



1. Willie Stark (Broderick Crawford) campaigns for local office. Listening are Jack Burden (John Ireland), a reporter, and Willie's son, Tom (John Derek).



3. Willie learns he is being used as a stooge. Egged on by Jack Burden, he throws away prepared speech, talks to people in their own language, tells them truth. Politicians blow up.



5. When Willie finds out that one of his political underlings has been taking graft for himself, he lets him know who's boss.

All the King's Men

ANNOUNCER: Our play takes place in a radio studio that in every respect is similar to any one of a thousand studios scattered throughout our land, but there is about this one something that is . . . well, different. There is nothing about the studio that will help us to identify the station by name. Our Narrator is about to interview a man and a woman who are standing before the microphone. This man and woman seem somehow to be unaware of each other's presence. At least no sign of recognition passes between them. The first voice we hear is that of the Narrator.

NARRATOR: What is your name, sir?

JOSEPH (*who seems tired and embittered*): My name is Joseph Pike. I am forty-five, married, six children, and I live in Denver, Colorado, with my wife Anna. I hate being forty-five, married, six children, and living in Denver, Colorado, with my wife Anna.

NARRATOR: What is your occupation?

JOSEPH: Salesman—bathroom fixtures.

NARRATOR: And you hate that, too?

JOSEPH: I hate that, too.

NARRATOR: And what do you love?

JOSEPH: I love New Haven, where I lived as a boy; Jennie Rand, whom I loved as a boy; and the boy.

NARRATOR: That was thirty years ago?

JOSEPH: That was yesterday. (*Sighs*) I wish I was dead!

NARRATOR: All right, Joseph, that's all for the time being. And now you, Madam—a synopsis of yourself, please?

JANET: I am Mrs. Janet Wagschall.

NARRATOR: Formerly Jennie Rand?

JANET: Formerly Jennie Rand.

NARRATOR: Go ahead, please.

JANET: Now a childless widow—bitter, stout, middle-aged. Fall River, Mass., thirty years, but still a stranger to it—and to my husband Sam that was. New Haven's my home.

NARRATOR: You were really young once?

Music: *Fade in a harmonica quietly playing "The Missouri Waltz" behind the following speeches.*

JANET (*in a hushed, tremulous voice*): His name was Joey. He played the harmonica. Joey Pike. And he never combed his hair. I've never loved anyone else—least of all Sam. (*In a tragic whisper*) Sometimes I wish I was dead!

NARRATOR: And you've never seen him since?

JANET: Never.

NARRATOR: And you really laughed once? And did your eyes flash and your teeth glisten?

JANET: I was pretty as a picture. He played "The Missouri Waltz." He always kept playing it.

NARRATOR: On his harmonica?

JANET: Yes. I was so happy then. His

soul was full of music. And my heart was full of joy.

Music: *Comes up in volume and suddenly stops.*

JENNIE (*Janet as a girl*): Go on, Joey, finish it. (*Trance-like*)

JOEY (*Joseph as a boy*): Go home, Jennie. (*Moodily*)

JENNIE (*standing her ground*): I won't either.

JOEY (*sighs*): That's all there is—there ain't no more.

JENNIE (*imploring*): Please—play the rest of it—it's so lovely.

JOEY: Can't.

JENNIE: Why not?

JOEY: Makes me cry.

JENNIE: But not *always*.

JOEY: No.

JENNIE: You're sensitive, that's what.

JOEY: I know.

JENNIE: Are you in a mood?

JOEY: That's it.

JENNIE: Is it me again?

JOEY: Yes.

JENNIE: You love me very much?

JOEY: Yes.

JENNIE: So much that you close your eyes and stamp your feet and clench your fists and your teeth and *explode*—(*Sighs*) And you love me even more than that?

JOEY (*huskily*): Yes, Jennie. More than that.

JENNIE: Then play that tune again.

JOEY: I—can't.

JENNIE: Is it Sam Wagschall again?

JOEY (*writhing*): Maybe.

JENNIE: Do you still get a pain in your

chest when I walk to school with him?

JOEY: Maybe.

JENNIE: Then play. 'Cause I decided I don't like him at all. I only walk with him once in a while out of pity for him being such a dunce. Play, Joey. He's not sensitive like you. He thinks money's everything, and as soon as he finishes high school he's going to look for a job. Come on, Joey, start over. When I told him your philosophy—about just playing your harmonica through life, he laughed and called you looney. So you know what I did?

JOEY: What?

JENNIE: I *slapped* him.

JOEY (*beaming*): You did?

JENNIE: Cross my heart! Right in his face!

JOEY (*gratefully—tremendously relieved*): All right, Jennie—I'll play this one specially for you. . . . Some day I'm going to run away from home and go to Wyoming and play cowboy tunes on a horse. And I'll take you with me, Jennie . . . honest. . . .

Music: *He plays in full the haunting strains of the chorus of "The Missouri Waltz."*

JENNIE (*at its close*): You're a genius, Joey Pike! (*Softly*) And I do love you—very much. (*It's too much for Joey. He begins to sob, quietly*) Don't cry, Joey. . . . Don't cry.

Music: *Musical transition, lasting about ten seconds, and fading out.*

NARRATOR: And that was thirty years ago?

JANET (*sighs*): That was yesterday. NARRATOR: And you remember it so vividly?

JANET: Word for word.

NARRATOR: And you, Joseph?

JOSEPH: Word for word.

NARRATOR: Well, what about some early background? Your folks, for instance.

JANET: Joey's Pa ran a hardware store.

JOSEPH: Jennie's was a waiter.

JANET: Yes, but only now and then. Kept losing job after job so he could stay home and paint pictures. Poor Ma.

JOSEPH: *She* was a frost-bitten one all right.

JANET: Joey's Ma was dead, you know. Guess that's what helped make him so—sensitive. His step-ma tried pretty hard to win him over, but he wouldn't budge. Poor Joey.

NARRATOR: Well, let's get on with the story.

JANET: Then one day Sam Wagschall asked me to go to the school picnic with him, and when Joey heard about it, why, he asked me, too. So I asked Ma and Pa for some advice, and both had different opinions. (*Fading slightly*) First I asked Ma, and she said right off: "Sam" . . .

CHARACTERS

ANNOUNCER

NARRATOR

JOSEPH PIKE

JANET WAGSCHALL

JOEY (*Joseph as a boy*)

JENNIE (*Janet as a girl*)

MRS. RAND (*Jennie's mother*)

MR. RAND (*Jennie's father*)

MRS. PIKE (*Joey's stepmother*)

MR. PIKE (*Joey's father*)

Mrs. RAND: Of course, go with Sam. I don't understand what you *see* in Joey. Why Joey?

JENNIE: I thought maybe because I love him.

Mrs. RAND: Pshaw! It's that silly childish music of his got you hypnotized.

JENNIE: That, too.

Mrs. RAND: That shiftless good-for-nothing! Why, even his own father gives him up as a bad loss, Joey refusing to help out in the store after school and all. At least Sam's a hustler; he'll always make a living—has a good paper route, and the other day Mrs. Wagschall was telling me he's got the offer of a job soon's he graduates. In a woolen mill where his uncle's a foreman—somewhere in Massachusetts.

JENNIE: Fall River.

Mrs. RAND: That's right. But Joey! The whole neighborhood knows how lazy *he* is. You're the only one that sees anything in him.

JENNIE (sighing): That's a fact.

Mrs. RAND: What do you see in him?

JENNIE: A—a *troubadour*! That's what.

Mrs. RAND: Fiddlesticks! The way he loaf around tooting that silly harmonica of his night and day. It was *different* when he was *small*; one made allowances—but now he's growing up you'd think he'd give up that nonsense—

JENNIE (hotly): People just don't un-



derstand him, Ma—he's—constituted different—

Mrs. RAND: He reminds me too much of your father. What's Pa but a grown-up Joey?

JENNIE: That's true, Ma—never thought of it before.

Mrs. RAND: That ought to be a lesson to you!

JENNIE: I don't know—maybe that's what I like about Joey.

Mrs. RAND: Huh! You know the aggravation Pa's caused me. Some men drink, but he paints pictures. Loses every job he gets, because his mind ain't on his work. Many's the time I never knew where our next meal was coming from.

JANET (chuckling): Good old Pa!

Mrs. RAND: I'm warning you, child, take a leaf from me. Look what I've gone through—Joey's another Pa. Better go to the picnic with Sam.

JENNIE (thinks it over, then slowly): I'll ask Pa.

Mrs. RAND (snorts): Pa!

Music: Musical transition of ten or fifteen seconds.

Mr. RAND: Joey!

JENNIE (elated): Joey, Pa?

Mr. RAND: Of course Joey! Why Sam? That nincompoop!

JENNIE (blowing her breath out in relief): That's the way I feel. Whew! It's a great relief. Do you suppose I'm in love, Pa?

Mr. RAND: What do you think?

JENNIE: Well, I'm sure I'm not in love with Sam—

MR. RAND: *Naturally.*

JENNIE: Even though he runs after me like a dog, and beats up all the boys that try to date me. He's too-too the same, Pa. You know what I mean?

MR. RAND: I know. You take after me, daughter—you'd be unhappy with someone—uh—too down-to-earth. See?

JENNIE: I see.

MR. RAND: And Joey?

JENNIE (*with enthusiasm*): Oh, Joey! He's so-different. . . . Do you think maybe I'm really and truly in love, Pa?

MR. RAND (*jocially*): Well, now, that all depends—you're not very old, you know.

JENNIE (*cautiously—as though she is searching for a scientific answer to her emotions*): Well—I tingle, for one thing. Is that love?

MR. RAND: You mean when you're with him?

JENNIE: When I'm with him—yes.

MR. RAND: When he's playing the harmonica.

JENNIE: Even when he's not.

MR. RAND (*the problem is bringing interesting results*): Oh.

JENNIE: And even when I'm not with him.

MR. RAND: You mean even when you just talk about him?

JENNIE: I mean when I even just think about him, I tingle. Is that love, Pa?

MR. RAND: Well—

JENNIE (*sadly*): And sometimes when I think of him—I want to jump to the top of a tree and shout and shout and shout—till I burst.

MR. RAND (*gravely*): Sounds mighty like the genu-ine article.

JENNIE (*sighs*): That's what I thought.

MR. RAND: And does he love you?

JENNIE (*confidently*): Oh, yes.

MR. RAND: How do you know?

JENNIE: Well, sometimes when he's playing me a song on his harmonica, he all of a sudden stops and—cries, sort of, and when I ask him what's the matter, he says it's because he loves me so much he can't stand it.

MR. RAND (*considering this*): Hmm. How do you know it's not just his music doing things to him? Perhaps he can't stand too much of it at one time. Might be. How I happen to suggest it is that I feel the same way sometimes when I'm painting.

JENNIE (*alarmed*): Oh, Pa! You don't think it's me?

MR. RAND: I'm not saying one way or the other, but as a fellow-artist I can vouch for certain moments when you have to stand back, catch your breath and close your eyes—the beauty of your creation's too much for you. (*Jennie sud-*

denly bursts into tears) What are you crying about?

JENNIE: It's not me at all! He don't love me at all!

MR. RAND: What makes you think so?

JENNIE: You just said so. It's his music he loves!

MR. RAND: I said no such thing. I merely said I could understand and appreciate such a mood, if such was the case.

JENNIE (*weeping afresh*): There! You see?

MR. RAND (*comfortingly*): Now, now, daughter—who can tell—maybe it is love that bowls our Joey over—

JENNIE (*reviving somewhat*): You think so?

MR. RAND: Could be.

JENNIE (*frantically*): How can I tell?

MR. RAND: That's for you to decide, I'm afraid.

JENNIE: But how?

MR. RAND: I don't know—put him through a test.

JENNIE: A test?

MR. RAND: Sure—some kind of—test.

JENNIE: What kind?

MR. RAND (*sighs*): Wish I knew what to tell you.

JENNIE (*desperately*): But how can I tell which he loves best? (*Wailing again*) Me or the harmonica?

Music: *Musical transition of ten seconds.*

NARRATOR: So you put him to the test, Mrs. Wagschall?

JANET (*sadly*): Yes—I put him to the test. That's what parted us—I mean not that it really proved anything—It was really a silly, childish little test—(*wretchedly*) But that's why I'm here all these

About the Author . . .

● Joseph Ruscoll was born in 1909 in Boston, Mass. For part of his boyhood he lived in Denver, Colorado, within view of Pike's Peak. His later school days at Boston Latin School and Boston University were spent dreaming about Pike's Peak. His early writing was in the field of the short story and the full length play. He later turned to radio and "The Test" was his first radio play. Except for two years with the Army Air Force, most of his time has since been devoted to radio writing. "How I got the idea for this play," he told us, "I don't know. And now I find the play is becoming a classic. I honestly don't know how I came to write it. Maybe it was suggested by a daydream about my youth." Who was the girl? "The girl is a composite of several teen-age sweet-hearts," he said. "There's nothing concrete about her, really. Unless you prefer to believe there is. But Janet happens to be my wife's name, and she comes from Massachusetts."

years in Fall River, Massachusetts, a lonely widow with a broken heart. And Joey's—(*a catch in her voice*) God knows where.

NARRATOR: And about that test, Janet. But wait—first I'd like to hear a little more about Joseph's early history, since we've had a glimpse of yours—I'm sure our listeners-in would be glad to get a closer study of his relations with his father and stepmother. Can you give us an intimate picture, Joseph?

JOSEPH (*reticent*): Well—

NARRATOR (*encouragingly*): Yes, Joseph? Needn't be shy, we're all your friends and want very much to understand you—really.

JOSEPH: There isn't really much to tell—

NARRATOR: Did she abuse you, Joseph—your stepmother?

JOSEPH: Oh, no—on the contrary—she meant awfully well—tried to get close to me—(*fading*)—more than I can say for my father—

Music: *Musical transition of ten seconds and out. . . . A harmonica playing softly.*

MR. PIKE (*shouting*): Will you stop that noise!

Music: *Ceases at once.*

MRS. PIKE (*chastisingly*): Ezra!

MR. PIKE (*in self-defense*): I've told him often enough I can't stand that infernal racket!

MRS. PIKE: Now, Ezra Pike, you've got to allow the boy some civil liberties.

MR. PIKE (*testily*): Oh, all right, Helen, all right. But how in thunder can I read the Sunday paper?

MRS. PIKE (*kindly*): Go ahead, Joey. Play. (*No response*) Play some more.

JOEY (*sullenly*): Never mind. I don't feel like any more.

MRS. PIKE: Please, Joey.

JOEY (*exasperated*): Leave me alone! I don't feel like!

MR. PIKE (*flaring up angrily*): Oh, you don't feel like! Well, I don't feel like! I don't feel like thinking what a son I got! I don't feel like looking at you!

MRS. PIKE: Ezra, you stop talking like that—or I'll leave the house!

MR. PIKE (*turning his wrath on his wife*): You've helped spoil him, Helen—humoring him—I won't have it any more—a grown boy doing nothing but playing a harmonica when he should be helping me out in the store. For the last time, Joey, are you going to do some work in the store or not—answer me! . . .

JOEY (*miserably*): I—I can't, Pa.

MR. PIKE: Why not?

JOEY: I told you. (*Revolted*) Hardware! What do I know about hardware!

MR. PIKE: It wouldn't kill you to learn.

JOEY (*fiercely*): It would! It'd kill my soul!

MRS. PIKE (*with quiet determination*): He's right. He's not going into hardware, Ezra. He's not meant for that.

MR. PIKE: Oh? Where is he headed for?

MRS. PIKE: He's going to Yale.

MR. PIKE (*he seems to think it over and is not averse to the idea*): Well, I dunno—

JOEY: I'm not going to Yale.

MR. PIKE (*angrily*): Not Yale either?

JOEY: No, sir.

MRS. PIKE: Of course you are, Joey, when you get through High. You've got to.

JOEY: No. Not Yale either.

MR. PIKE (*sneering*): I suppose Yale would kill your soul, too?

JOEY: Yes, it would. Trigonometry, and things like that.

MR. PIKE (*ready to burst a blood vessel*): Well!

MRS. PIKE: What do you intend to do, then?

JOEY: I'm going out West.

MRS. PIKE (*incredulous*): Wha-at? What doing?

JOEY: I don't know. Ride a horse. Punch cows. I'm going to take Jennie Rand with me.

MR. PIKE (*cynically*): Toxmyrot!

JOEY: And we'll just ride and ride—and I'll play my harmonica—

MR. PIKE: That harmonica again! (*Beside himself with rage*) Give it here! Once and for all!

JOEY (*indignantly*): I'll not!

MR. PIKE: Hand it over!

JOEY: Like fun!

MR. PIKE: I'm going to throw it in the sewer—give me that piece of trash—that baby playtoy of yours!

JOEY (*standing his ground*): No, sir!

MR. PIKE: Give it to me at once or get out of my house!

JOEY (*after a pause quietly*): I'll get out.

MR. PIKE: Then get! (*Weakly, of a sudden*) Where's the blasted baking soda, Helen?

Sound: *His footsteps receding, and a door banging shut behind him a slight distance away.*

MRS. PIKE (*after a moment of silence*): Don't mind him, Joey—he don't mean it.

JOEY: I don't care. I'm going. If not today, tomorrow, or the next.

MRS. PIKE (*tenderly*): Joey—

JOEY (*surlily*): What?

MRS. PIKE: Why do you hate me?

JOEY: I don't hate you—I don't even hate Pa.

MRS. PIKE: But you don't love me?

JOEY: No.

MRS. PIKE (*earnestly*): Why? And why don't you ever play a song for me when we're alone? Didn't you play for your Ma when you were little?

JOEY (*huskily*): Yes.

MRS. PIKE: Ain't I your Ma, now?

JOEY: No.

MRS. PIKE: Why not? Why have you been—*resenting* me all these years—when I tried so hard to get near you?

JOEY: Because. Just because and that's all.

MRS. PIKE (*softly*): Because I took her place?

JOEY (*choking*): Maybe.

MRS. PIKE (*changing the subject discreetly*): Who are you taking to the school picnic, Joey?

JOEY: Jennie Rand.

MRS. PIKE: Jennie's a sweet girl.

JOEY: You bet. And some day I'm taking her away with me—like I said. To Wyoming.

MRS. PIKE: Did she say she'd go to the picnic with you?

JOEY (*thinly*): Well—uh—she didn't say yet. She's going to give me her answer tomorrow (*Now frankly plumb the depths of despairing suspense*) It's between me and that darn Sam Wagschall!

Music: *Short musical transition.*

NARRATOR: And you lost, Joseph? Her answer was *no*—on that day thirty years ago?

JOSEPH: That's right, sir. She put me through a—*a test*—and found me wanting, you might say.

NARRATOR: Where'd you say you're located these days, Joseph?

JOSEPH: Colorado. Denver, Colorado.

NARRATOR: Salesman?

JOSEPH: Right.

NARRATOR: Bathroom fixtures?

JOSEPH: Right. Wonder what became of Jennie after she ran off with Sam? I'd give my right arm to know.

NARRATOR: And the test? What did it prove?

JOSEPH (*indignantly*): Proved nothing! Darn childish that test was—but because of it she got mad and a few years later married Sam and went out of town. And I was lonely and miserable and broken-hearted and I didn't want Yale or hardware and my Pa was too mean to me, and my step-ma was too good to me—and so after I graduated High, I hummed my way out West. Before I could become a cowboy, though, I somehow got married to a telephone operator—blind date—I was lonely—you know—and settled down as a salesman—same job all these years—own my own home—wife Anna—good woman, never really loved her though, never anyone but Jennie—never!

NARRATOR: You say you've got five children, Joseph—or six?

JOSEPH: Six—five girls. Wonder what she's doing right now . . . where she is and what's she's doing.

NARRATOR: Who?

JOSEPH: Jennie. Right this minute.

NARRATOR: All right, Joseph, much obliged. And now, Mrs. Wagschall—Janet—what about that famous little test you put him through? I'm sure all our listeners-in are waiting anxiously to hear about it at last.

JANET: Well, I was jealous of his harmonica all right, but at first I couldn't think up a good proof of his love—I thought maybe I ought to have him fight a bull or wrestle with an alligator—but at last I thought up a simple, common-sense test—a *beautiful* test that would go right to the heart of the matter—that would prove for *sure* whether he loved me or his harmonica. I wondered why I never thought of it before.

Music: *Harmonica fades in softly, playing "Beautiful Ohio."*

JANET: I was going to put it up to him as soon as I met him on the Common that night—but right away he got to talking of Wyoming and then he got to playing a song and I got to humming it, and so I decided I'd wait till he was finished—then spring the test. . . .

Music: *The harmonica comes up full and presently the song comes to a triumphant end.*

JENNIE (*when it is over*): That was wonderful, Joey!

JOEY: So will you go to the picnic with me then?

JENNIE (*sighs*): Yes.

JOEY (*rapturously*): Oh, Jennie!

JENNIE: If you pass the test. First you must do that.

JOEY: All right. Go ahead and test me.

JENNIE: You mean it?

JOEY: Sure, go ahead.

JENNIE (*gravely*): This is for *real*.

JOEY: Naturally.

JENNIE: Ready?

JOEY: Shoot!

JENNIE: Give up your harmonica! Throw it away!

JOEY (*unbelievably*): Wh-at?

JENNIE: Come on out the corner and take your harmonica and throw it down the sewer and *spit* on it! And that'll prove you love me best. Like a holy sacrifice!

JOEY (*trying to change the subject*): And when we get out West, Jennie, we'll ride a tamed broncho, and we'll sing cowboy songs to the dogies—

JENNIE (*insistently*): Will you do it, Joey? Will you? Down the sewer? Right now?

JOEY (*desperately holding fast to his deafness*): And there'll be a harvest moon overhead—and it'll be listening. . . .

JENNIE: Will you, Joey? Will you?

JOEY (*bursting out angrily*): Don't be silly!

JENNIE (*outraged*): You *refuse*! Oh! That proves it! That *proves* it!

JOEY: Proves *what*?

JENNIE: That you don't love me at all!

That it's your *harmonica*—like Pa said!
(*Bursts into tears*)

JOEY: It ain't either! It don't prove nothing. . . . Please don't cry. . . . I do, I do too love you. . . . I'd do anything for you . . . anything—

JENNIE (*blubbing*): Then make a holy sacrifice!

JOEY: Anything but *that*, I mean. Gosh, my poor little harmonica—down the sewer—gosh—what for? (*Almost in tears himself*) Never did you any harm—and you used to say it was sweet as sugar—

JENNIE: It is.

JOEY: And that it sent you straight up in the sky a mile and half—

JENNIE: It does.

JOEY: And makes you so sad you feel delicious.

JENNIE: That's right.

JOEY: Then why are you a traitor now?

JENNIE: Because—Look, Joey, you're jealous of Sam Wagschall, aren't you? You can't help it.

JOEY: Yeah.

JENNIE: Well—I'm jealous of—of your harmonica. And I can't help it.

JOEY (*writhing*): But what'll I do without it?

JENNIE (*relenting a bit*): All right, tell you what: Give it up for a year, then. Just a year.

JOEY (*in anguish*): A year!

JENNIE (*bargaining*): A month, then.

JOEY: A month!

JENNIE: A week.

JOEY: A whole week!

JENNIE: I shan't go any lower, Joey Pike.

JOEY: Rats! I'll die!

JENNIE: What do you say—yes or no?

JOEY: Gosh!

JENNIE (*a final compromise*): Oh, very well then, I don't want to make you too miserable. One day, make it. One teenie little day!

JOEY (*considering*): Which one?

JENNIE: Tomorrow.

JOEY (*gloomily*): All day?

JENNIE: All day.

JOEY (*silent for a while, then wretchedly*): What'll I do when I wake up in the morning and the sun's coming in my room? . . . And outside when I'm walking along and it's good to be alive, and a tune comes in my head? What'll I do? . . . And at night, when I'm alone and it's all mysterious and dark and I wonder what it's all about. What then? Those are the times I got to play my harmonica most. What'll I do?

JENNIE (*impatiently*): Joey Pike, I've put you to the test! Will I find you wanting?

JOEY (*lowly*): This is pretty darn silly.

JENNIE: It's darn important to me.

JOEY: How you going to tell if I do or I don't?

JENNIE (*solemnly*): Your word of honor.

JOEY: And if I don't do what you want?

JENNIE: Then I'll never speak to you again! As long as I live!

JOEY (*wretchedly*): Oh.

JENNIE: And—and I'll go to the picnic with Sam Wagschall—that's what I'll do!

JOEY: I see.

JENNIE: Well? I'm waiting!

JOEY: I—I don't feel so good.

JENNIE: Yes or no? Quick! You will kindly decide your fate!

JOEY (*after a terrific struggle with himself*): No! I'm sorry, Jennie, but I can't. I just *wouldn't*. A whole day! I'd get fidgety and I'd start playing *absent-minded*—couldn't help it. You might as well tell me to stop *breathing*!

JENNIE (*after a long pause; sorrowfully*): So that's your answer. You're not willing to make the holy sacrifice! All right. (*Hoarsely*) Good-bye, Joey.

JOEY: Wait, don't go, Jennie!

JENNIE (*fiercely*): Let me go! Take your hand off me!

JOEY: Please! Don't be mad! (*Voice breaks*) Don't go away!

JENNIE (*hysterically*): Let me alone! I never want to see you again! Don't you dare come to see me any more! I hate you! I hate you!

Music: *Short musical transition.*

NARRATOR: And you never spoke to him again, Janet?

JANET (*sorrowfully*): Never.

NARRATOR: Or you to her, Mr. Pike?

JOSEPH (*lowly*): I had my pride.

NARRATOR (*sighs*): And that was thirty long years ago!

JANET (*flaring up*): *Pride!* If he really loved me he wouldn't have had any pride!

JOSEPH (*flaring up in turn*): And if *she* really loved me, she—what about her foolish pride?

JANET (*indignant*): Foolish!

JOSEPH (*crying out*): Foolish! Foolish!

JANET: What do you think, Mr. Narrator?

NARRATOR (*sadly*): I think you were both very, very foolish.

JANET (*miserably*): Well, I—I was waiting for him to make up first.

JOEY (*in similar vein*): I was waiting for her.

JANET: Plenty of times, when he passed me in the street—I wanted to. Oh, how I wanted to!

(*And for the first time, Joseph and Janet seem to be aware of one another's presence—it is as though a veil lifts.*)

JOSEPH (*in a choked voice*): Jennie! You *did*? And so did I—I wanted to lie down on the ground and roll over at

your feet and tell you I'd do anything for you—anything!

JANET (*her voice, too, comes choked*): Joey! You *did*?

JOSEPH: Plenty of times! Plenty!

JANET: I wanted to tell you I was sorry. I was *dying* to!

JOSEPH: It was *my* fault!

JANET: No! No! It was *mine*! (*A pause, then*) I had a miserable time at the picnic.

JOSEPH: I didn't even go.

JANET: I know. That's why.

JOSEPH: Once I rescued you from drowning and we made up. But it was only a dream.

JANET: Once I gave you a great big ten dollar harmonica for a present, and we were patched up. But that was make-believe. Once I waited for you at school and walked home after you and threw roses on your footsteps. And that was real, except the roses.

JOSEPH: Once I sneaked into your back yard at night to watch the light in your room, and I fell asleep in the bushes and caught cold. I was sick for a week. That was *all* real! (*Sighs. A long silence.*)

NARRATOR (*softly*): Time's almost up—better say good-bye.

JANET (*suddenly bursting into sobs*): Oh, Joey! Joey!

NARRATOR (*tender, but firm*): All right—that's all.

JANET (*sobbing broken-heartedly*): Where are you, dear darling boy? Forgive me, forgive me!

NARRATOR: Mrs. Wagschall! Fade out, please! We're going off the air. There's nothing can be done about it at this late date. (*Janet sobbing. Fades out. A short silence, then*) You, too, Joseph.

JOSEPH (*hollowly*): Yes.

NARRATOR: Good-bye.

JOSEPH (*fading*): Good-bye.

NARRATOR (*calling*): Oh, just a minute!

JOSEPH (*fading in*): Yes?

NARRATOR: I was just wondering—do you still play the harmonica?

JOSEPH: Oh, no. No.

NARRATOR: You've given it up?

JOSEPH: Long ago.

NARRATOR: Why?

JOSEPH: Oh, I don't know—(*forlornly*)—stress and strain—(*fading out*)—stress and strain—(*silence, then*)

NARRATOR: That's about all, folks. (*Sighs*) Good afternoon.

Music: *Musical curtain.*

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100 Modern Poems

By SELDEN RODMAN

IN THIS new anthology of modern verse,* Selden Rodman has collected an even hundred of those poems which he believes best illustrate the main currents of modern poetry.

Anthologies, of course, are a matter of taste, and Mr. Rodman, a poet in his own right, has included many poems of outstanding literary merit. One must quarrel violently over one or two of his choices, but in the main the book has freshness.

In his introduction, Mr. Rodman gives the reader a thumbnail history of modern poetry and its creators, but much of it presupposes a better than nodding acquaintance with the subject.

Enough about the book, however. Let us dip into it.

First, there is the ghostly music of the Spanish poet, Federico Garcia Lorca, in "Somnambulist Ballad":

Green, green, I want you green
Green the wind and green the boughs.
The ship upon the ocean seen.
The horses on the hills that browse.
With the shadows round her waist
Upon her balcony she dreams.
Green her flesh and green her tresses.
In her eyes chill silver gleams.
Green, green, I want you green
While the gypsy moon beam plays,
Things at her are gazing keenly
But she cannot meet their gaze.

Among the English forerunners of modern poetry, Mr. Rodman had included Gerard Manley Hopkins with his poem "Spring," lush and verdant in its imagery:

* *100 Modern Poems*, selected with an introduction by Selden Rodman. 191 pages. Pellegrini & Cudahy, New York. 1949. \$2.75.

Nothing is so beautiful as spring—

When weeds, in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush;
Thrush's eggs look little low heavens, and thrush
Through the echoing timber does so rinse and wring
The ear, it strikes like lightnings to hear him sing;
The glassy peartree leaves and blooms, they brush
The descending blue; that blue is all in a rush
With richness; the racing lambs too have fair their fling.

The brilliant South African poet, Roy Campbell, is represented by the poem "Tristan da Cunha," which celebrates that group of wild volcanic islands in the South Atlantic:

Snore in the foam; the night is vast and blind;
The blanket of the mist about your shoulders,
Sleep your old sleep of rock, snore in the wind,
Snore in the spray! the storm your slumber lulls,
His wings are folded on your nest of boulders
As on their eggs the grey wings of your gulls.

Lastly, we quote from Winfield Townley Scott's poem, "Mr. Whittier," a modern classic. And forgive us if we point out with more than a little pride that Mr. Scott is a former Scholastic Writing Awards winner.

It is so much easier to forget than to have been Mr. Whittier. Though of course no one now remembers when he was young.

A few ladies who were little girls next door in Amesbury,
Or practically next door, have reminiscences of pears and apples

Given them by the famous, tamed, white-bearded saint
with the

Still inextinguishable dark Hebraic eyes . . .

It is easier to leave *Snow-Bound* and a dozen other items
in or out of

The school curriculum than it is to have written them . . .

JUST what my mother was waiting for I didn't quite know. She kept going to the door, pulling aside the red-bordered white curtain at the window, gazing long and absently at the wet countryside.

Suddenly she gasped, put her hand to her temple and said, greatly astonished, "There's somebody coming!" In a sharper tone she added in mingled unbelief, curiosity and a sort of surprise neither friendly nor unfriendly, "Coming here, I think."

The rain was playing a sharp rat-a-tat-tat on the roof. On each side of the house we could hear the water gushing from the spouts and gurgling over the rims of the overflowing water barrels. Evening was falling, and a white mist rose from the brimming ditches. For two days we had seen neither buggy nor pedestrian. "Not even so much as a cat or a beggar," my mother had sighed.

The man swung the bar of our garden open. He looked up again, put on a smile and glanced up at the two sloping gables and maybe the black smoke from the chimney. Struggling forward against the wind he pulled together a dark-colored overcoat, and we could see the garden shrubs shaking and bristling in the wind beyond his stooped shoulders. The gathering gloom prevented him from seeing Farouche, our police dog, who was out of his kennel, unchained, crouching and ready to spring. My mother gave a stifled cry; but then we saw Farouche wag his tail and sit down at the man's feet. The man, whoever he was, was talking to him in a soft caressing voice.

"Well, I never!" My mother drew in a sharp breath, even more flabbergasted than relieved. "Well!"

The man scratched Farouche's ear, then straightened up and seemed to scrutinize the doors of the house. After a thoughtful minute he went around the house and knocked at the back door which gave onto the barnyard.

My father, sitting beside the stove, suddenly looked up. He hadn't seen the visitor yet; he was suffering the intolerable boredom that fell on him every time it rained heavily in our prairie country. In fact he hadn't opened his mouth all day long, hadn't seemed to be present in this farmhouse in which he had dwelt so many years. I don't think he had even heard us speaking about the newcomer.

"Somebody who don't know these

parts," decided my mother, and beckoned me to open the door.

We lived in the big room come the fall of the year; the little summer-kitchen extension was then turned into a sort of junkroom where we piled up the furniture we no longer needed, together with moldy harness leathers, dingy stovepipes, feed pails for the animals, spools of binder twine and parts of the reaping machine; we were not too orderly. As I walked through this room to the door, the cold gripped me. I had a hard time raising the rusty old latch. A gust of rain hit me in the face, and in the middle of it was the man's face, dimly lighted by the remnant of daylight thrown up by the great puddles around the pump.

It wasn't a dirty face nor was it young or old. It was the mild face of the habitual wayfarer who just wants a bite and then will jog on again, unless he's invited to sleep in the garret. This particular one, however, drew himself up with a certain dignity, and if he had begging on his mind he seemed in no hurry to begin. His short, reddish, shaggy beard was full of raindrops and under the shadow cast over the upper part of his face by the peak of his cap shone a pair of mild, smiling, almost tender eyes.

"Good day, littly cousin," he greeted me.

His voice was just as soft and disarming as his looks, and as I hesitated, staring, he spoke again.

"You must be my littly cousin Alice?"

I shook my head.

"No? Why, no, it's Agnes, I think?"

"It's Gilberte," I said.

"Why, of course. Of course! Whatever was I thinking of? Of course you're Gilberte. I ought to of knew it, even if I never did see you before."

He rubbed his wet hands together as he spoke, chuckled softly in his beard and quietly pushed with his foot against the door, which I was holding ajar. He pushed it open and came in.

"This is where the Rondeau family lives, isn't it?" he asked, the smile of his incredibly blue eyes surveying the damp, chilly summer-kitchen as if he found it inviting and full of people.

"No," I said, "this is the Trudeau family."

"Exactly what I was trying to say," he said blandly. "Rondeau and Trudeau, they sound very much the same, don't you think so, cousin?" He was standing in front of me, pushing me a little with his arm, his eyes shining with friendliness. "Well, go and tell your father, little girl, that it's one of his cousins from the Quebec country."

I went into the big room with this man on my heels and I was quick to tell my father in a scornful voice, "He says he's a cousin from Quebec!"

My father was already on his feet, crumpling his newspaper. He stepped forward a pace, then stopped short. His first movement had been one of wanting to take the stranger in his arms, but now his handsomely weather-beaten face, peaceable and aging, reflected not so much a cooling off from his first instinctive warmth as the involuntary caution of a man jerked too suddenly out of reverie.

"Ah, er, yes?" he faltered. "What part of Quebec? St. Alphonse?"

A Novelette: He knew the world's great wickedness,

and its sorrows, too;

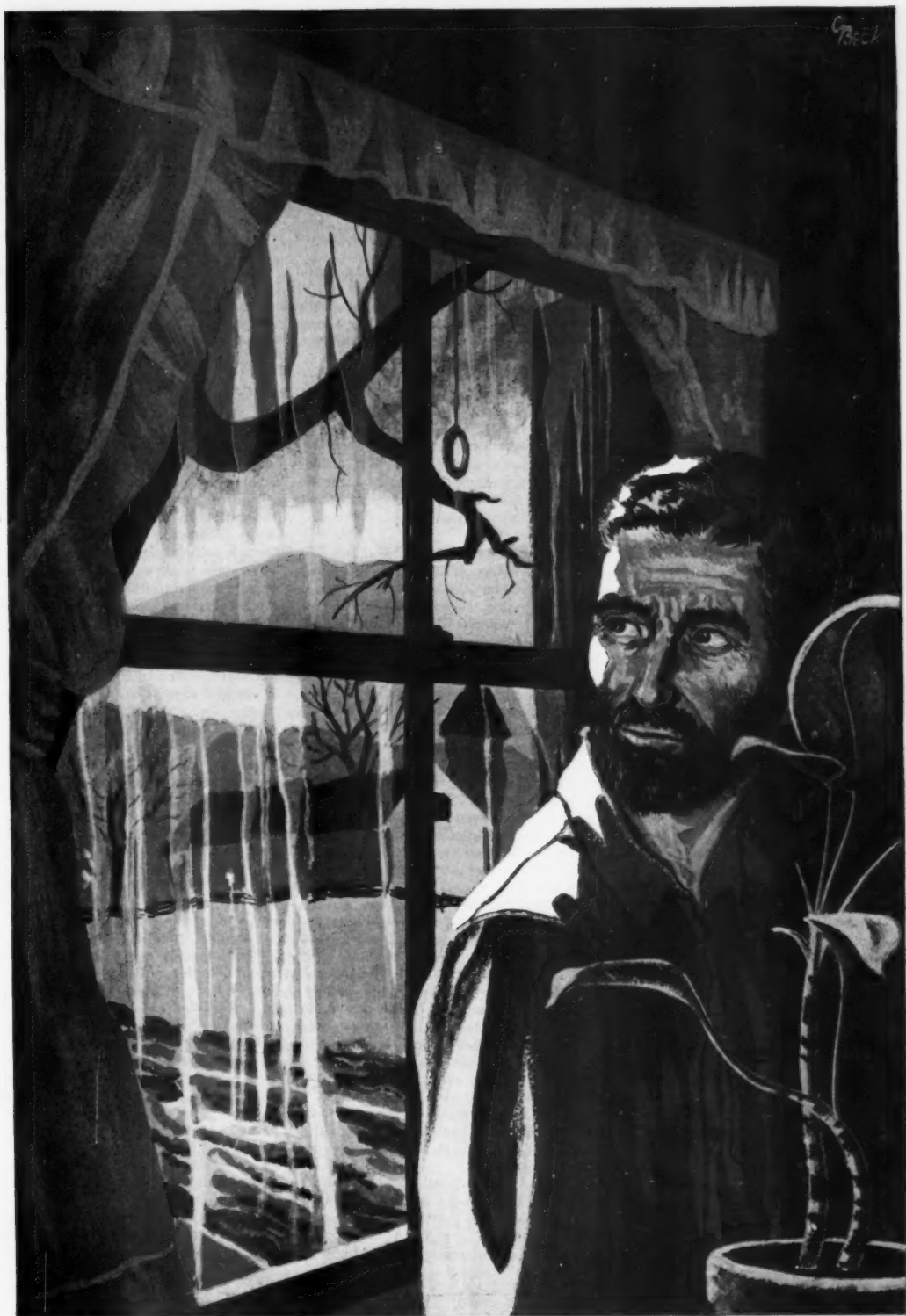
But he had seen the world's great piety,

and he told his tales bit by bit, drawing them out

the **Nagabond**

By Gabrielle Roy

Illustrated by Charles Beck



"St. Alphonse," agreed the man.

He drew near to the stove, and his clothes began to steam. My mother brought out the Aladdin mantle lamp; she lifted it a little above the stranger, and we could see great tatters in his clothes; some of the rips had been pulled together with bits of string, but others gaped wide open, showing his red shirt. He was mud-bespattered too, and his dingy gray scarf was torn and threadbare.

But the look he gave my mother was such a friendly one that she put her lamp down and busied herself elsewhere without having spoken. Her inward agitation showed through in the way she began rummaging in some drawers looking for she knew not what.

After standing alone for a moment in the middle of the room and failing to attract our averted eyes, the man noticed a chair beside the stove and sat down with a great sigh of contentment. He wagged his head sagely and said two or three times over amid the silence, "Yes, it's St. Alphonse I'm coming from. St. Alphonse it is."

My father produced his tobacco pouch. He was about to load his pipe when the stranger reached out, helped himself to a pipeloid and then settled down again in his chair, lighting his stubby clay pipe and murmuring distinctly, "Thank you. It's very kind of you."

The two men puffed in silence. My mother was shifting pots and pans with unaccustomed noise, and once in a while her lips moved as if she had some cutting remark at the end of her tongue. We children were seated in the corners of the room, and the vagrant looked at each of us in turn, smiling in the deeps of his beard, with many a wink of his eye and bob of his chin. Our little tamed opossum, which usually gave strangers a wide berth, slid under this man's chair, and he picked it up by the scruff of the neck and set it on his lap, where it let itself be fondled like a baby.

Little by little we children slid off our stools and chairs to approach this charmer ourselves, and he enticed us on by slight movements of his hands, just like the conjurer our parents once had taken us to see in the roundup midway in a neighboring village. Even my father had risen. He walked back and forth, his hands behind his back; then stood and faced the man and put a point-blank question.

"But whose son are you?"

"Me? Eh, well, I'm the son of the man who went away."

A glimmer of interest showed under my father's half-lowered lids. "Who? Gustave?"

"Aye, Gustave."

"But he was supposed to be dead!"

"Only supposed to be," the man rejoined quietly. "But he wasn't dead at all. He went to the States, and I'm his boy."

"Ah!" cried my father, his face lighting up. "So you're his boy!"

"I'm his boy," the man repeated in a soft, firm voice.

He turned his smiling face toward my mother, who was whipping up her flapjack batter. He seemed determined to get a look, a smile, a word out of her, but she went just as determinedly about preparing supper, deliberately cutting herself off from the conversation.

"But who put you on to our whereabouts?" my father suddenly inquired.

The vagrant's blue eyes picked up a direct ray of the lamp. "You know St. Alphonse," he shrugged, smiling.

My father sighed deeply. "It's a long time since I saw 'em back in St. Alphonse . . . How long is it, Albertine, since I went down there?"

SHE looked up slowly from the stove, bestirring her memories before speaking. It was her job to refresh my father's memory about things he had told her of events she had not witnessed and people she never had seen, and that took a little patient thought. Her pretty eyebrows arched and her little mouth opened slightly.

"Well," she said reflectively, "you always said you left home at fourteen and never went back. Figure it the way you like, but I make it pretty near fifty years." Then, probably because the presence of this stranger irritated her, she added sharply, "What's more, you haven't written back home in fifteen years. A shame, that's what it is."

"Yes," nodded my father, passing over my mother's added remarks. "Yes, it'll be fifty years. I don't know if I'd recognize 'em back there."

He lowered his head thoughtfully, smiling sadly to himself. My mother, her hands on her hips, without so much as a glance at the stranger, said briskly, "Ready! Come on, children! Come and eat, Arthur!"

The wayfarer got up too, cheerfully. He hesitated at the table, but took a place on the bench against the wall, wrapping his tatters closely around himself as he slid in. He picked up his fork.

"Yes," said my father, his mind far away, "there's a lot of things must have happened back there that I've never heard about."

The vagrant reached for a hunk of

bread with his fork, bit into it and, his smiling mouth full, promised, "I'll tell you all about it in a little while."

He began his storytelling after supper, considerably helped out by my father, who kept prompting him. "I suppose Domitilde's showing her age quite a bit now?" and, "Eustache must of settled down on the old people's land, mustn't he?"

We had but a sketchy idea of our father's family. Never once had he bothered to tell us outright how many brothers and sisters he had. Once in a while, out of his daydreaming, he had let drop a name: Domitilde, Philomene, Aristide. He'd even been known to use these names as cuss words, as one day when the horse's headstall broke and another day when the mare got off the property. But he took no pains to define the people he spoke of and always he referred to them in the past tense as if they no longer existed.

So we were considerably intrigued this particular evening to hear Domitilde presumably was still alive although feeling her years. She had entered our family circle on a distant evening when my father, seeing my mother darning some old clothes, had grumbled, "Now don't go a-taking after that penny-pinching old Domitilde!" The name had remained disembodied, however; my father had let it out and then lapsed into moody silence.

Other people as faceless and formless as Domitilde had come out at one time or another. But though they seemed utterly remote from us, yet each in his or her own special way managed to touch us pretty closely through some little human quirk. We never knew what legion of tenuous beings might troop forth, nor whether my father would summon them in a bitter moment or a sentimental moment. But we did know we had to let him do it in his own good time.

This evening my father took the vagrant aside and the names came flowing from his lips. There were those he had invoked in anger and those he invoked in tenderness; those we associated with domestic disasters and those we associated with parties and birthdays. And there were even newcomers, like the hitherto unheard-of Uncle France, Aunt Luzina, Cousin Brault. I couldn't help thinking that my father had built a dam to hold back his memories and now the dam had broken and they were all spilling out in a swollen, milling torrent.

The vagabond listened with nods and gestures of assent. In his eyes were wise understanding and patient en-

About the Author

Bitten by the writing bug when she was a small girl, Gabrielle Roy has never recovered from the infection. Born of French-Canadian pioneer stock in the wide open spaces of Manitoba, the prairie country she describes so vividly in *The Vagabond*, she was the youngest of eight children. After finishing convent and normal school, she became a teacher, all the while continuing to write. Then she turned briefly from her early goal and used her savings to go to London to study for the stage. However, publication of some of her early stories refired her original ambition.

Back in Canada in 1939, with a typewriter as her only asset, Gabrielle Roy managed to make a living writing stories and feature articles for the Canadian papers and magazines. She also

did a series of studies of Canadian life for a government agricultural bulletin. Out of each year she managed to salvage several months to devote to her first novel, *The Tin Flute*, which turned out to be a Literary Guild selection.

Although Gabrielle Roy comes from the prairie country, she set the stage of her novel in Montreal's slum district of St. Henri. Lonely and alone, she began to wander daily through the French industrial district. She became intrigued with its character and inhabitants. Her book about them has been called "probably the most authentic picture of the working class to come out of Canada."

She is married to Dr. Marcel Carbotte and now living in Paris, where she is continuing her writing and her husband is studying.

couragement, a look I seldom have seen in anybody's eyes in the years between. We might have thought it was my father who had returned from long journeys and the other was just his young man.

When, however, my father had exhausted his stories, the old man took up where my father had left off. He spoke restfully, seldom raising his voice; he seemed to draw upon a calm deep into which he had sunk the memory of every step he had made in his worldly wanderings. He had the gift of rendering the peace of some place, the gentleness of some face, rather by a soft inflection, a drawn-out sound, than by his actual choice of words.

"We Trudeaus," he said, "have always been a fine family. Our old folks have passed away in harness, like people ought to, on lands with more stones than leafy stems. Ah, yes," he sighed, "we didn't have your Western land back there on the rocky Laurentians. But didn't we have other things just as sweet, even sweeter, than well-filled granaries?"

From time to time he paused to see if my father was agreeing with him. And agreeing my father was. He seemed to have grown bigger, to have straightened up, in taking his place again in that family which obscure woes and obstinacies had divided and scattered throughout the breadth of the country. The wayfarer was quick to perceive when he had struck a responsive chord.

"Ah, those good old days, they'll never come back again, and that's a sure thing. Families like ours never were many." He shook his head sadly. "It's a sorry thing for those of us who

emigrated to the States or went traipsing after adventure. They'll never know the good things they left behind them."

Oddly enough, he accused nobody when he said things like that, but seemed rather to take upon his own shoulders the burden of other people's mistakes. Plain facts were scanty on his lips, but he gave a lot of broad pictures of Christmas and New Year's festivities, winter parties, gala occasions. Now we were in Montreal, the big city. Now it was Joliette, the little city where he went shopping from St. Alphonse. He talked about the Quebec provincial plan for colonization and then he was off on buckwheat, cakes and honey. Now it was square dances, when good folks gathered in the kitchen. He made his dances quite lively; we could see our father tapping the ground with his foot.

He had a good word for everybody. Domitilde, well, after all, was she really stingy, or just provident? True, Eustache had got hold of his father's land, but if in doing so he had cut off some of the others, well, at all events he had made it yield and, furthermore, he had turned out a sound, courageous father. As for Anais, there was nobody like her for weaving homespun and working flaxen mats and curtains to make a bare place homelike. Pious she was too; never missed a weekday Mass. Uncle France had reached his hundredth birthday, and they'd had a wonderful Christian celebration with all his children and grandchildren present, including two grandsons studying for the priesthood and three daughters who had taken the veil.

Amid a hush my father asked, "Does Domitilde sometimes speak of me?"

"My goodness, yes indeed!" the wayfarer replied, nodding gravely. "She's often talked to me about her brother, er—"

"Arthur," my father prompted.

"Yes, Arthur; that's it."

My father edged his chair forward so far that his boots touched the stranger's muddy boots. He lit his pipe for the fourth time. "Do they know back there," he asked, "that I've been made a justice of the peace?"

"They do," the vagabond affirmed. "And proud they are of it."

A calm, happy silence fell which my mother broke with a noisy sigh. The wayfarer turned to her. He seemed to want to speak to her, but she held her lips tight in a way that promised nothing good. At length, however, he raised his voice in her direction.

"And you, cousin," he said, "what parish do you come from? Maybe I know your kinsfolk too."

My tiny mother got up angrily. At the very idea of his calling her cousin she was all atremble.

"She's from the prairies," my father hastened to explain. "I married her out here."

"All the same," the man persisted, "I've been around quite a lot in these parts too, harvesting. As like as not I know her family."

Nobody took him up on that, and he appeared hurt. His clear blue eyes sought a corner of the room, and soon we could see he was sleepy. His eyelids kept dropping and the great pupils of his eyes rolled the way drops of water do when you see them sliding on the back of a leaf. Once, just before he shut his eyes, they took on a rheumy smile, full of a lifetime's tiredness.

The clock struck eleven. My mother no more spoke of bedtime than if the evening was just beginning. My father looked at the clock, however, and took out his watch to compare times. The stranger was dozing at intervals in his chair, waking up suddenly from time to time to put in a remark and, changing his position, to wink at one or another of us children.

"Bedtime, children!" my father suddenly announced. Then, without looking at my mother's face, "You could maybe make up a bed, Albertine. . . ." He hesitated. "I mean for Cousin. . . ."

"Gustave, like my father," explained the stranger, who was yawning on the edge of his chair. "Gustave, that's me."

My mother got up without a word; she took the lamp and left us first in a dim light, then in complete darkness as she went up the stairs to the garret. We could hear her pulling out a bed pallet and opening chests. The

chilly draft that fell upon our shoulders soon wafted down the smell of fresh linen through the open trap door.

It was probably the sound of my mother's voice that awakened me that night.

"You've always told me," she was saying, "that your brother Gustave was built like a giant, big and tall, the strongest of the family. And this scrawny, bony little—"

"As for that," my father said, "just look at the families round about here. It isn't always the biggest men that have the biggest children." He paused, then added as an afterthought, "Maybe he takes after his mother."

"Well, all right, if you say so. But you must have seen he wasn't none too sure of himself when you asked after Domitilde and Philomene."

"That's easy explained. He's been around a lot, and his memory don't come back just like that."

"That's you all over!" snapped my mother.

Overhead, the man was snoring peacefully. More than once we could hear him move in his sleep and say, with his genial little laugh, "Good day, cousin."

He stayed three weeks. My mother gave him some clothes left by a hired man who was about his size, and he made himself rather presentable, washing himself mornings before we were up and combing his short beard.

By day he tried to make himself useful, taking special thought to anticipate my mother's wishes. He brought in the firewood, filled the bucket at the well as soon as it was empty, fixed up defective traps. Once when my mother complained she hadn't had any mail for a week because of the bad roads, he footed it to the village and came back at the end of the day with a letter, which he handed to her in hope of a friendly word.

No, really in the daytime, we couldn't look upon him as our cousin. We ordered him about like any farmhand. "We'll need to be getting some wood in before the rain wets everything," we would say. We called him, in the daytime, "him," "you," "the man." But evenings, each time the lighted lamp was on the table, this unusual man, by some spell of his own, became indispensable to us. Then we couldn't help calling him Cousin Gustave.

He seemed aware of the sort of cloud under which he lived through the day, but which we lifted come evening. He used to stay mum all day and only find his tongue when we looked upon him with kind eyes. When he did speak, his voice was soft, even and



low, and he brought out his same stories of the second marriage of Domitilde or the hundredth birthday of Uncle France, but always with new details. "Hey, you didn't tell us that before!" my father used to exclaim. And the vagabond would eye him in vague reproach as if to say, "What I've gathered in my wanderings is far too vast and various to be told at one shot."

"Go on," my father would say.

The vagabond, interrupted in his ideas, would continue gently, but on another tack. He told us his tales in short stages, often stopping at the most pathetic or gripping moment. He drew his stories out, cut them into installments after the manner of the radio serials we were to hear in later years. Everything served his turn to make a short story long; he would go minutely into a description of the landscape, sidetrack onto the part played in his tale by the village schoolteacher, notary or doctor, wander somehow into the doings of other families. One evening when I objected that all that had nothing to do with us, he gave me a sharp look.

"Ah," he murmured, "our kinship with people! Who's to say where it starts and where it leaves off?"

Then, as if aware that our suspicions might feed on that random remark, he gave a throaty little laugh and began all over again, his thoughts far away, the story that had become my father's favorite, that is to say, Domitilde's second marriage. Little by little he warmed up to his gay subject and described how the fiddle player had had Domitilde dancing at fifty years of age for the first time in her life.

"Ah?" cried my father, wide-eyed. "He had Domitilde dancing?"

"He had her dancing," Gustave affirmed positively, and in the translucent blue of his laughing eyes we could almost see her doing it, her skirt of shiny material spreading as she swung it.

"He had her dancing!" repeated my father, sighing.

One evening my father spoke of two of his brothers who had settled farther West, Uncle Alfred in Saskatchewan and Uncle Edouard in Alberta. In chastened mood he said he was sorry not to have kept in touch with them at least. The vagabond let him talk on, then spoke up in a soft, almost singing voice that brought to our home a sort of invitation to the broad highway.

"Who knows? Maybe one day or another I'll be going their way. Give me their right address, and if the good God is willing I'll give them your regards."

We had seen our Western uncles but once, the first when he stopped over on a trip to Montreal, the other when he visited us on his trip out from the Quebec country and almost settled down in our neighborhood. The wayfarer couldn't give us any news of either of these, and my father, turning back to Quebec, asked him about a certain man who in years gone by had made a fortune.

"You mean Ephrem Brabant," Gustave said.

He was a quack medicine man, this Ephrem, who had begun by handing out cough-sirup samples to folks as they came out of the badly heated church Sundays. It turned out that this sirup cured somebody of something much worse than a cough, and the news got around all the more quickly because the spring came early that year. Credit was given to Ephrem's own curative gift as a seventh son.

Thus begun, the serial story of Ephrem Brabant lasted several enthralling evenings. Ephrem, it appeared, would in no wise gainsay the powerful virtues of his panacea, but neither would he deny the supernatural gift popularly attributed to him. A God-fearing man, sweet and charitable, he agreed that faith was a big help to medicine; but while he urged people to pray he also sold them more and more bottles of sirup. It was all the same herbal product but he put it up in different bottles under different labels, variously indicated as palliatives for stomach cramps, asthma and rheumatic diseases.

In the next installment we heard how Ephrem's fame spread beyond the hilly confines of his village. Soon he had his own buggy and a horse of midnight black, and we could almost see him trotting from hamlet to hamlet and farmhouse to farmhouse, leaving

his brown bottles at every door. Even healthy people took the medicine and reported it did them positively no harm, a testimony that did him every scrap as much good as the recoveries reported by the sick. As his renown increased he grew a pointed beard and put on a wide-brimmed black hat. And so the story ran from one evening to another.

Brabant became popularly known as Doctor Brabant and his bottles carried his portrait. This led him to publish an almanac for popular distribution, full of wise advice as to what to do at the various stages of life and how to interpret dreams and foretell the weather, together with testimonials from grateful patients. He could neither read nor write, this Ephrem, but he was a fountain of practical wisdom drawn from his direct observation of peasant life; he had one of his educated sons look after his spelling and at length he settled down in a fine house in Montreal and built a tidy fortune in spite of the lawsuits of the envious.

After Gustave had done with Brabant he began another serial story about Roma Poirier, who murdered her husband by putting ground glass into his beans. He ushered all sorts of queer people, cruel and kind, into our lamp-lit room at evening, and some more fantastic specimens remained lurking outside the door in the moon-blanching yard where the pails rattled on the fence posts, or on the distant woodland fringes where the coyotes howled.

Long after he had left as strangely as he had come, after his very features had lost their sharp delineation in the depths of our memories, even to the gentle smile that went with this most sinister accounts, we often caught ourselves thinking of his quack doctor and his husband-killer, of our centenarian uncle, of all sorts of members of the motley throng of friends and acquaintances of Gustave the vagabond. By their qualities and their faults they came through vividly, and that in itself was an uncanny thing when we came to think of the imprecise methods of his narration.

Gustave was a man who knew the world's great wickedness, though he offered neither blame nor abuse. He knew the world's great sorrows too, and we could read them in the clouded luster under his heavy eyelids as he gazed at a rain-lashed windowpane and the gray branches beyond. But above all, he had seen the world's great piety, and that was the hook upon which he captured the elusive approval of my mother.

One evening he was telling us about the pilgrim crowds going to the shrine

of Ste. Anne de Beaupre. We could see the solemn nave full of ex-votos, the model schooners and yawls hung as lamps; we could see, hung between the Stations of the Cross, the crutches left behind by the halt and the lame who, making their way to God, had suddenly recovered the use of their unaided legs. **Between the lines of his tales we could even see those healed pilgrims going straight to heaven, not through death, but by miraculous translation through the many-colored windows to the azure vault of the sky.** Out of his lone voice rose the pious murmur of thousands in the holy penumbra of the shrine; in fact our house seemed all too tiny to contain the great devotion of the pilgrims, their thanksgivings and their hopes.

EACH time he ended his story there fell a hush, and invariably somebody's heavy sigh would recall us from the wonderland of his story to the modest precincts of our prairie home. I'm not saying that he didn't get prodigiously mixed up in the times and persons of the repertoire of his journeyings; but then again, who among us people of the lone prairie dared even try to sift the false from the true?

He was quick to perceive that my mother's reluctant attention was best ensnared by tales of pilgrimages and miracles, and from then on we couldn't get him to talk of anything else. He took us on successive tours of shrines of the Upper and Lower St. Lawrence. At the very name of the St. Lawrence we were all agape, for even before ever he came we had made our own grandiose pictures of that mighty river dear to the hearts of French Canadians. For him as for us the river was a living being whose rolling wave sometimes carried all before it, yet sometimes too lapped its storied banks with a murmur of elfin music. We saw it in angry mood as it thundered over a Niagara of questionable geographical situation; we saw it spread out like a placid bosom of generosity as it nursed the outbound argosies seaward past an island of the delicious name of Anticosti.

When even his tales of the many shrines of the St. Lawrence came at last to a close, he talked about St. Joseph's Oratory in Montreal, built stone by stone out of the offerings of common people. My mother, who had a particular devotion to Brother Andre, the founder of that shrine, stopped her sewing and for the first time talked directly to the wayfarer.

"Did you ever see Brother Andre, you?" she demanded.

I think the beggar knew what was at stake if he said no. My mother in her capricious humor sometimes served him generously at table but just as often gave him the scraps. Perhaps he glimpsed the thirst for spiritual adventure of that serious, sentimental little woman, deprived of the joys of church-going. He may even have realized the deep-seated longing of this creature of the prairies for her ancestral motherland of the country of Quebec. And there's no saying that he may not even have seen Brother Andre. I think he might have seen him, because he had said he'd seen the Prince of Wales and Sarah Bernhardt, and I see no reason not to give him the benefit of the doubt. At all events he described Brother Andre so faithfully that much later, when we first saw his picture on a lithograph calendar from Montreal, an exclamation burst from several of us at once: "It's him all right, no doubt about that!"

"I've seen him like I'm seeing you now," the man said, and added, after the slightest of pauses, "Madame."

I remember that pause vividly. He had wanted to say "cousin" but hadn't dared, and in his "Madame" there was something of deep regret. My mother may have noticed it too; I do know that his story won her over, so that after that she did pay a sustained attention to him, though it wasn't always of the same benevolence.

But it didn't go on for long. This queer devil of a man, always lean and bony in spite of the platefuls of porridge he gulped down each morning and the slices of pork he piled up at the other meals, was only staying around awaiting the inner call that would take him away from the lighted fire, the cooked meal and the lamp that shone brightly on a rainy evening. I say an inner call, but I have an idea that the task he really had set himself to accomplish before going his way was that of winning over my mother, and this he had more or less done, even if she did sometimes doubt whether this stooped and quiet little old man—"this sawed-off little runt" was the way she said it—had ever looked upon saint or shrine. Yes, a sawed-off little runt he was—a *malgre*, a *ragotin*, to give my mother's actual French words—but he had won a tiny corner in her exclusive heart, there's no doubt about that.

One morning we saw him at the window contemplating the naked tree-tops against the sky beyond the brimming gully. It was raining still; there came a peppering of hail amid the raindrops, and before the day ended the rain had whitened to powdery

flakes and the prairie lost its angles under an eiderdown of fine snow. The man went out and came back again. We knew he wanted to go, just as three weeks before we had known he wanted to stay. He seemed just like a big ribby dog of our childhood, who came in when the weather was bad but went out again when it got worse; we had become accustomed to reading in the soft, humble eyes of our dog the primitive and inexplicable impulse he felt to go and run in the blustrously repulsive night, and we had been unable to resist the mute plea of this unhappy creature when, against all reason, he begged out.

The man was just like that. In vain did my father talk about Domitilde and France and Cousin Brault or about the village fiddler who had gone to Montreal and played in dance bands to the great shame of his family. There was a shadow on the old man's face, and he was constantly eying the same door he had entered so joyfully. He seemed never to look at anything else than the door, sighing in the depths of his rags. They were the same rags he had come in, for from day to day he had begun to shed the clothes my mother had given him, though at first they had seemed to suit him so well. His stories, too, his fascinating stories, had died in his pupils. As empty as is the prairie country when all the birds have flown away south, just as empty was Gustave's now monotonous, unpeopled glance. Maybe that was what we held against him most, the fact that he had no more stories tucked away in the misty hinterland of his pale smile.

But still and all, my father one evening went so far as to offer him a little wage for his services, and my mother raised no objection. The man made no answer. His eyes said thanks but his lips said no word.

Next day he was gone. He must have slipped out in the night, silently drawing the bolts. Farouche, our police dog, in connivance with him, had not raised the alarm.

My mother was furious. She ran to the silverware drawer, the chest of sacred medals and relics and the earthenware pot in which we kept our small change. Nothing was missing. She counted the knives, spoons and candlesticks and had to admit they were all there, a fact that humiliated her still more.

"What did we do to make him leave like that?" she wailed.

My father made a round of the barns, granaries and sheds and he came back quite crestfallen and reported that every bolt and tool, so far as he could see, was exactly where he'd left it. He

became dreamily sad; the changing expressions of his mute face showed a dull sorrow. From time to time he sighed and one evening we heard him say, "We didn't receive him the way we ought to of done. So he got up and left, just to show us."

A year later we had news of him. A neighbor picked up the evening mail for us and we found, in addition to a couple of department-store catalogues and our weekly farm newspaper, an envelope scrawled over with an unknown, awkward and besmudged handwriting. My mother opened it quickly and we read over her shoulder. "It's from Gustave!" I cried at once, struck by the musty smell of paper.

WE made out the shapeless and laborious signature, and Gustave indeed it was.

The letter passed from hand to hand and each reader in turn confirmed what the previous reader had found. Gustave had gone to see our Uncle Alfred in Saskatchewan, saying we had asked him to convey our regards. He had a lot of good things to say about the three daughters, Emilie, Alma and Celine, and my father remarked that they weren't going to be easy to marry off for all that, being evidently too stuck on themselves. An unexpressed gaiety came through between the lines of that letter; we could see that the wayfarer was enjoying himself; doubtless he was livening up the livelong evenings with his brightest stories. An aroma of good tobacco came off the paper, and at the end he had added a few crosses for kisses. A bit audacious, those kisses, maybe; my mother wasn't too pleased. But my father bucked up visibly and several times after that he said, "He'll be back to see us, you just take my word for it."

Yet another year, and Gustave was in Alberta. He told us so in a letter written at our Uncle Edouard's. Uncle Ed and Aunt Henriza were working four concessions with their grown-up sons. Gustave had given a hand at the harvest, and the crop was magnificent. He'd been given the job of trucking the grain to the village elevator. One of the daughters was getting married come fall; he didn't say which one, and the subject led to much speculative comment. Another daughter was taking the veil, and to put a stop to any further talk our mother promptly decided that it must be Paule, whose photo, received many years back, showed her rather pale and slender with eyes turned heavenward. Everybody, Gustave concluded, was getting along nicely, except Henriza, who had stomach trou-

ble. He was sending for some of Ephrem Brabant's medicine to set Henriza right. He didn't know yet whether he would spend the winter with these kinsfolk or move on to Henriza's brother "beyond the big mountains."

My mother raised some doubts, but I think it was less to shake our own convictions than to bolster her own. Was it possible that Aunt Henriza, with her cold, bitter nature, had greeted Gustave so cheerfully as all that? My mother wasn't so sure of it. She seemed just a wee bit vindictive.

In point of fact we were all glad at the news. We had been too indolent to carry out our good resolutions to renew our never-very-constant correspondence with our uncles of the West, and by carrying our regards for us Gustave had eased our consciences. My mother was just as happy about it as we were; in fact she took advantage of it to make a little dig at my father one day when, nose in air, shaking a rug, she remarked out loud, "All the same, there's strangers who've got more sense of the family than—well!" My father just smiled, not to be shaken out of the even tenor of his way.

Six months later we had another letter, not from British Columbia but from the Yukon, where Gustave was doing some trapping, if we read him right. Then no further word. Years passed. We might have forgotten him but for the fact that he had awakened in our midst a sense of kinship that hadn't really been there before, a mysterious affinity that made a distant and unknown Domitilde more important to us than some other old lady of her village. Besides, he had left with us, as something distinct from himself, the memory of so many places and people, which reappeared on many a bored evening and became a small part of each of our inner lives. Behind our unspoken thoughts was the gentle voice of Gustave.

On a rainy night, just as before, he came back. Farouche, our police dog, was the first to recognize him, snuffing the smell of wet leaves and mud on his tattered clothes. And perhaps the man was somewhat happier than the dog, because he had followed the lure of the storm and exhausted the open road, the moonlight, the hunt and the backwoods. But he was a tired man and from the way he leaned over the dog we might have said he was consoling him with counsels of prudence, reminding him how comfortable was his kennel and even how wise his chain.

Straitening up, he smiled his old slow, sad smile as he looked at the roof and smoking chimney. My mother gave a little heartfelt cry.

"Good heavens, you'd almost say—" A worried frown completed her sentence.

Just as he had done before, the man hesitated and went around the back to rap on the summer-kitchen door, which we had closed and banked up for the winter. I opened it. His sunken, faded eyes had the fleeting shine of muddy puddles; they had lost most of their blueness, but still they were sad and soft, full of somber friendship, grayly beclouded. Gone was his wonted joyousness, every bit of it.

"You're Gilbert!" he said as brightly as he was able. "I'd of knew you all right, but my goodness, what a big girl you've grown!" I led him through the junkroom to the living-room, shifting a couple of old packing cases aside as I went, and he entered on my heels, lifting his arms impulsively to the gathered family. But suddenly he faltered, this haggard scarecrow, and slumped beside the stove. His thin, bearded face was toward us, there was a trickle of spittle from the corner of his mouth, and his mute soft eyes stared into the shadows. My mother felt his pale forehead.

"He's got a heavy fever," she said.

My father took his feet and she his shoulders and they carried him to their bed in the adjoining room. Deliriously he was saying, "I'm Barnabe, I am; I'm your brother Alcide's son. I come from St. Jerome; that's where I come from, St. Jerome." He sighed. "We ought to show friendship to our kinsfolk, even when they don't always do

what they ought to do by us." He began coughing helplessly, and then, in a husky voice, broken with hiccups, he went on, "What, you don't know me? Honore is who I am. Honore the son of Phidime, who was supposed to of died."

While we contemplated him bewilderedly, he began to talk fitfully of candles and holy vessels and the great piety of people's hearts. In the middle of it all, a cheerful little chuckle. "Good day, cousin. Good day to you, Anastasie!"

My father and mother exchanged a long look, and then each of them got a blanket and pulled it over the poor devil.

All night and all next day it snowed, and yet another day; a fine, powdery snow called a *poudrerie* in the language of French Canada. Then it stopped. Coyotes drew as near as the very doors of our barns, and we could hear their bloodcurdling howls as they quarreled for the possession of some misguided white rabbit one of them had killed with a flash of his sharp fangs. Great gusts of wind swept the prairie, piling up the snow to the windward of our stables and barns till they had them half buried. The very windows of our living-room became three-quarters silted up with the foamlike powder. The wind rose and roared till it became a full-powered blizzard. Struggling for dear life in the white darkness of our daylight was our Aladdin kerosene lamp with its incandescent mantle.

"No getting away from it," said my

father. "We'll have to be getting him out of here before all the roads are blocked. Might die on us, this man. He's got to have some medicine, at least."

But he spoke without friendship. We could feel that his deep sympathy for the unhappy man had ebbed away with the confessions he had murmured in his delirium. He was in fact very angry; a storm as strong as the one blowing outside was raging within him.

Then, as if he was aware of our embarrassment and his own extreme danger, the beggar moaned, amid other phrases having no meaning, "Ephrem Brabant!"

Struck with an idea, my mother went through the pockets of the ancient overcoat the man had left on a peg. She found a little brown bottle with a portrait on the label of the sharp-bearded quack medicine man of St. Alphonse.

"It can't do him any harm," she said, inspecting the bottle. She gave him a sip of the elixir. "Specially as he's got faith in it," she added.

But my father was dressing to go out. He pulled on a great shaggy coat and assured my worried mother that he would go no farther than the nearest neighbor who had a telephone.

"But that'll make six miles there and back," my mother lamented. "I'm going to be ever so anxious."

With a dulled jingle of sleigh bells and a whicker of the frightened horse he drove away in a great cloud of eddying whiteness.

The beggar, however, calmed down almost immediately after taking Ephrem Brabant's medicine. Soon he was sound asleep, his open hands lying on the white of the turned-back sheet.

"Whoever would of believed it?" marveled my mother. She sniffed the little remnant of brown sirup in the bottom of the bottle. "It's nothing more nor less than faith," she muttered. But she seemed to be paying less attention to the medicine than to a sudden thought that had arisen within her. She seemed to be weighing it in the balance.

Hours went by, and still the beggar slept. My mother dozed at length, but woke with a start and looked at the clock with heightened anxiety. After that she held her head up to keep herself from dozing again and watched over the vagabond just as she had watched over the rest of us during the long illnesses of our childhood. All the while she was toying with a thought now become familiar and unshakable. Finally we could hear the sleigh, and my father came in.

"How is he?" he asked, pale in spite



of the cold and as agitated as if on the verge of an outburst of great anger.

My mother signaled that the man was asleep and they could talk.

"Just think, Albertine!" he exploded without taking off his sheepskin cloak and turning to her as if about to blame her for a misfortune. "Just think that the constable is maybe going to come here tomorrow because of—him." He jerked his hand toward the open door of the bedroom wherein lay our vagabond.

"What?" cried my mother, paling. "He's not a criminal, is he?"

"Huh! He's maybe worse than that."

"A lunatic?" she demanded in a frightened tone.

"Not that either, but I'd like it better."

"What, then? Explain yourself, Arthur."

My father strode back and forth looking angrily obstinate. The shadow of his shaggy cloak moved with him, giving him a formidable appearance.

"Ah!" he growled, with a look of utter disgust at the sick man, "he'd be better off dead, I'm telling you. Just imagine, Albertine! Whoever would of believed it? He's been passing himself off as a man named Lafreniere with the Lafrenieres down below the big hill. He's been calling himself Poirier in another parish. That's what's been going on. He hasn't got one name, this man, he's got ten names. He's got twenty names. He's got as many names of as many families as it suits him."

"Well, what?" asked my mother, quite calm.

"An impostor!" burst out my father in terrible rage. "An impostor, Albertine! Don't you understand?" He

paused, then added in a lowered voice, "The police have been told about him. They've begun looking for him, and when they know he's here. . . ." He hesitated, choked with his bitter rant.

"But what then, Arthur?"

My mother had risen. She had made three instinctive steps toward the bedroom and she stood on the doorsill as if to forbid him to go in. Tiny as she was, she stood with flaming eyes at her full height and seemed quite able to hold her own.

"I suppose we know what we've got to say?" she said, looking him squarely in the eye. "Don't we know what we've got to say?"

The violence of my father's anger died in his tired body. He felt blindly for a chair beside the stove and dropped discouragedly into it. A weight even heavier than his anger was crushing him. Gone were the forms that had nourished his nostalgic dreams. Gone was his Domitilde, who the day of her second marriage had come out of her frigid shell and actually danced; gone his brother Eustache, who honored his parents' memory; gone, his tender and affectionate Philomene; gone all those people whose images had reappeared in such kindly aspect. In their place were the little dry, hard old woman of before, the wicked son who had tricked his parents into making him their sole heir, the same old terrible and ugly Philomene. We could see an abysmal solitude dawning in my father's eyes as the happier folk who had peopled his musings faded out like a dream in the harsh and pitiless daylight.

My mother said with understanding softness, "But what is there to prove it isn't true? Do we know? Do we know, Arthur?"

"Do we know!"

Next day the vagabond rose, almost well. He accepted the warm clothing my mother had found in the old chest in the corner of the living-room; thanked her without effusiveness, dignifiedly. Anybody might have thought he had left those clothes with us and was glad to get them back clean and in good shape. Gradually a calm settled on our great wrath, our shame for having loved him.

That day a blazing sun looked down upon the snow. The buildings, the empty-shafted sleighs, the frozen water barrels, all these material things of our livelihood threw but stingy little shadows in that sparkling and brilliant prairie. Far away, on the hardening face of the snow, we could see tiny tracks leading to all parts of the woodland, showing where the wolves and

coyotes had scuttled away as the storm settled.

The beggar made ready to go away. He went to the door, his head low, and each time we saw him hesitate as he went to raise the latch. My mother was cooking a stew of rabbit and beef.

"There's no hurry, man," she said, and glanced at my father, who said nothing. "No hurry," she repeated, "and you've been very sick."

He made a little movement of his soft arms as if to say that that wasn't the point. Then a shudder ran through him; he seemed to be struggling against the warmth and the appetizing smell of the stew. It was as if the echo of some of our words spoken while he was unconscious had remained in his mind. Was it that or was it some ancient lure? His hands stiffened. He seemed to be feeling his way to the door.

"Maybe," my mother said, "you'll be still visiting our kinsfolk?"

The man looked up sharply at the sound of her soft, reassuring voice. His long, stooped back seemed to straighten. He turned back into the living-room, drinking up the sight of the sun against the wall and the smell of stew simmering invitingly on the stove. Little by little he dared to look straight at my mother. Suddenly his eyes shone again as the water shines in the ruts when the sun lights a flooded road. A smile of ineffable sweetness played on his face.

"Yes," he said.

"What way might you be going this time?"

So tall stood the beggar that his head almost touched the beams. "I still have my mother's kinsfolk," he said. "In Ontario."

My mother draped a shawl over her shoulders and accompanied him to the door stoop. She gave him a good smile.

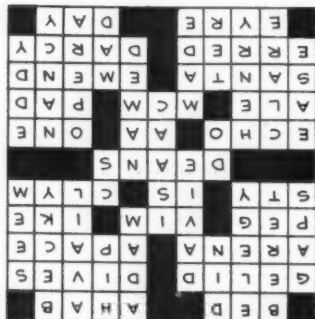
He went off walking backward in order to see as long as he could the encouraging face of my mother. Farouche, straining at his chain, was trying hard and unsuccessfully to lick the unhappy man's gray clothes. He whined despairingly, barked plaintively, shaking his chain and lifting his sad eyes to the poor little man whose emaciation seemed accentuated by the wind.

"Quiet, Farouche!" said my mother.

Then she did something so simple, so beautiful. She put her hands to her mouth like a funnel and cried high above the wind, the hem of her apron blowing about her, "Have a good trip! A good trip, our Cousin Gustave!"

The beggar was on his way over the hard snow and perhaps he heard. With his jackknife he had cut a branch in our garden to make himself a walking stick.

Crossword Puzzle Answer



Sure, you can turn this upside down if you want to. But why peek and spoil your fun? Puzzle is on inside back cover of this issue.

One-Period Lesson Plan

The Sense of "Belonging"

Aim

To point out to students that every human being cherishes a place—sometimes real, sometimes ideal—where he *belongs* or wants to belong.

Motivation

Remember the first time when you were separated from home and family for a considerable length of time? Were you homesick?

Topics for Discussion

1. "Where Else in the World?" (p. 1)

What is the country of Peter Lenioni's birth? Driving to work on the day he is to be naturalized, he wonders how he would explain to his father and grandfather his desire to renounce Italy for the United States. Account for this need to justify himself. What are his reasons for wanting to be a citizen of the United States? Apart from a love of music which they all share does Peter have a bond in common with other musicians in the studio orchestra? If so, what is it? How has Peter felt in the past when the other musicians took a friendly ribbing about their new citizenship? What do his fellow musicians do now to make him feel that he really belongs, that he's really one of the group? What is Peter's reaction? Do you think that the advantages to the individual offered by the American way of life sometimes mean more to the naturalized citizen than to a person who is born here? Give reasons for your answer.

2. "The Last Snake" (p. 7)

Explain the title of this story. What does Ross himself fear? Why has he run away? What is a *keelboat* (shallow, covered freight boat with a keel, but no sails, used on western rivers)? How does Ross happen to sign up on the boat? What is the nature of his work? Describe his relationship with his father. What is Ross' chief reason for hating him? Why does Carpentier remind Ross of his father? Who is Nedead and what does he contribute to the story? How does Ross prove his own inner strength? How does he prove Carpentier's? Explain his final decision to save Carpentier from the Indians. Can Ross' misery be attributed in part to homesickness? Explain. Where are the three men bound for when the story ends? Who makes the decision as to where they will

go? In your opinion, does this have a special significance? Give reasons for your answer.

Let's discuss for a moment the *technique* used in this story: How does Guthrie build toward his key situation (Ross' escape from the keelboat)? Does he know the country he writes about? Does he know the period in American history (about 1830)? Make your answers specific. Do you know what is meant by the expression "signposts of plot" (hints dropped by the author along the way to give his readers some idea of the outcome)? Mention two or three of Guthrie's "signposts." What characteristics of the author's style do you find most striking? Mention his most effective figures of speech. Explain in your own words the overall effect he gets of speed *plus* tension.

3. "The Vagabond" (p. 24)

What is the scene of this novelette? Describe the conditions (weather, time of year, isolation of prairie life) that lead up to the appearance of the Vagabond. Is his appearance well timed? Explain. What does he look like? Describe his manners. Do they tie in with his physical appearance? Give reasons for your answer. Where was Father Trudeau born? When do you first suspect that the Vagabond is, perhaps, deceiving his host? Describe his effect upon dogs and children. Upon Father Trudeau. Upon the mother. How does the family treat him during the daytime? Why does he "come into his own" at night?

Retell briefly some of the Vagabond's most fascinating anecdotes. What does he give the family that they lacked before? How does he succeed in winning over the mother? Describe the feelings of the family when the Vagabond leaves. Why does he feel compelled to leave? Does the family hear from him again? Under what circumstances? Describe the Vagabond's second appearance at the farmhouse. Contrast the reactions of Father and Mother Trudeau to the news that the Vagabond is an impostor. Why is it the mother now who protects him so steadfastly? Do you have a theory as to why the Vagabond returned to this particular family at this particular time? If so, tell the rest of the class about it. Describe the Vagabond's leavetaking.

Do the characters of Carpentier in "The Last Snake" and the Vagabond in this novelette teach you anything about human nature? Explain. Who is the nar-

rator of "The Vagabond"? Does she review this period of her life with a child's vision—or that of a grown-up woman? Give reasons for your answer.

Activities

1. Ask one of your pupils to report on some of the most popular songs about home. ("The Hills of Home," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Home Sweet Home," "Home on the Range," and "Way Back Home" are just a few.) Have him explain the appeal that these songs have—and will continue to have—for millions of people.

2. Have the members of your class write a poem, an essay, or a short story with the following theme: the importance of feeling that one *belongs*—to some other person, a group, or a place.

3. Read aloud the Bible story of the Prodigal Son and ask the class to comment on it.

4. Ask two members of the class to read and report orally on Robert Browning's poem, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," and Jerome K. Jerome's play, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*. What comparisons can be made between these two pieces and Gabrielle Roy's novelette, "The Vagabond"?

FOR EXTRA CREDIT

"The Test" (p. 18)

Have your class read and discuss "The Test." Then motivate the following "radio" activities by pointing out that this was the very first play that Joseph Ruscoll wrote for radio:

(a) Ask two or three good students who are interested in radio dramatization to write original one-act plays using some familiar, and generally non-dramatic, radio technique. For example: the interview, court of the air, news-cast, sportscast, documentary, forum, disc-jockey show, and candid mike. Let the class select by vote the best play in the group and produce it in class, in assembly, or over the school's p.a. system. Ask the music director and a member of the science department to help with sound effects, background music, and other technical problems.

(b) Have several other pupils who are interested in non-dramatic radio writing as a career do fifteen-minute

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What Do You Remember?

A Quiz Based on the Contents of This Issue

Where Else in the World?

Do you think that the native-born American truly appreciates his good fortune? Or is it the naturalized citizen—someone who suffered hardship and, perhaps, deep personal humiliation in the old country—who knows what being an American really means? These are challenging questions for class discussion. Right now, you're probably curious to know how much you remember about Lawrence Williams' heart-warming story. In the space opposite each letter, write the number of the correct answer.

- ____a. Peter Leucioni, the hero of this story, was born in
1. Czechoslovakia
2. Italy
3. Germany
- ____b. We learn indirectly that Peter has spent some time in
1. a concentration camp
2. the army
3. a home for destitute immigrants
- ____c. A clue to this period in his past is provided by
1. Peter's scarred fingers
2. his age
3. his career
- ____d. Peter works for the Hollywood studios as
1. an oboist
2. a cellist
3. a violinist

- ____e. Director of the new picture that Peter and other musicians are scoring is
1. Cecil B. De Mille
2. Leslie Van Horn
3. Paul Danasz
- ____f. Peter's instrument is a priceless
1. Amati
2. Guarneri
3. Stradivarius
- ____g. As the story ends, the orchestra is serenading Peter with an off-key rendition of
1. "America the Beautiful"
2. "God Bless America"
3. "The Star-Spangled Banner"

The Vagabond

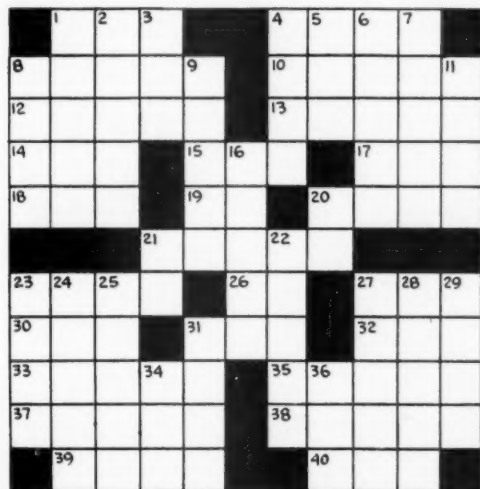
These pleasant-sounding names should recall to your mind people and places from "The Vagabond's" faraway world. Match names with descriptions by writing the number of the correct answer in the space opposite each letter.

- ____a. Farouche
1. father of the Trudeau family
- ____b. Gilberte
2. pet police dog
- ____c. Gustave
3. founder of St. Joseph's oratory in Montreal
- ____d. Domitilde
4. narrator
- ____e. Arthur
5. the vagabond
- ____f. Ephrem Brabant
6. French-Canadian medicine man
- ____g. St. Alphonse
7. father's hometown in Quebec
8. stingy sister of Father Trudeau

Answers in Teacher Lesson Plan

Memorable Characters from Fiction

● There are a total of 48 words in this puzzle. The words starred with an asterisk (*) are taken from the names of well-known characters in fiction. See how many of these starred words you can get. Allow yourself four points for each starred word (there are 19) and one point for each of the others. If you get all the words, you should have a perfect score of 105. Answers are on page 31, but don't peek now. It will spoil your fun.



ACROSS

1. You sleep on this.
4. "Captain of the Pequod in *Moby Dick*."
8. Frozen.
10. Plunges into water.
12. Athletic field.
13. Quickly
14. "____ O' My Heart."
15. Energy.
17. "Title character in Ring Lardner's short story, 'Alibi Ike'."
18. Pigs' habitat.
19. Exists.
20. "____ Yeobright in *The Return of the Native*."
21. "Family name of Jeanie and Effie in Scott's *The Heart of Midlothian*."
23. Responding sound.
26. Abbrev. for Anti-Aircraft.
27. Single unit.
30. Nut brown ____.
31. Roman numerals for 1900.
32. Cushion.
33. "White-bearded old man popular at Christmas time."
35. Correct a text.
37. Made a mistake.
38. "Hero of Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*."
39. "Heroine of Charlotte Brontë's *Jane* ____."
40. "Fancy ____; heroine of Thomas Hardy's *Under the Greenwood Tree*."

DOWN

1. "Per Hansa's wife in *Giants in the Earth*."
2. Mournful poem or funeral song.
3. "Rudyard Kipling's hero, Gunga ____ Bede."
4. "Hero of George Eliot's novel, ____ Bede."
5. Thigh joint.
6. Serve a purpose.
7. "Tom Sawyer's girl friend was ____ Thatcher."
8. Openings.
9. "Father of Jeanie (see 21 Across) is Douce ____."
11. Appear.
16. "Rebecca's father in Scott's *Ivanhoe*."
20. Abbrev. for Civil Service.
21. Act.
22. Gave a name to.
23. Comfort.
24. "Angel ____ husband of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*."
25. "Hero of Thackeray's novel, ____ *Esmond*."
27. Music drama.
28. "Godfrey's beloved in *Silas Marner* is ____ Lammeter."
29. Famous singer is Nelson ____.
31. Created.
34. Latin prefix meaning "three," as in ____ centenary.
36. "One of *Alice in Wonderland*'s famous characters is the ____ Hatter."

Chucklebait



BING CROSBY has a favorite story, one that he always shakes out of his sleeve when he meets an actor whose head is growing faster than his halo. One night—as Bing tells the yarn—he and Danny Kaye were having coffee and matching tales in a Broadway restaurant. After they had been talking for some time, one of the patrons shouldered his way to Bing's table and shook hands with the groaner.

"Bet you don't remember me, pal," the stranger boomed. "Fourteen years ago I was the entertainment chairman for our lodge, and I stuck my neck out to hire you for our show."

Trying to be polite, Bing grinned at the stranger and said, "Sure, sure, how could I forget?"

A patronizing gleam stole into the stranger's eye. "At that time," the fellow went on, "you were dead certain that some day you'd be a big radio and movie star."

Crosby smiled modestly and the stranger continued: "Tell me, what finally happened with you?"

Etchings in Acid

Maybe the story is true, and maybe it was just an elaborate joke played on Crosby. But every great man has his critics and probably the last word on the subject was said by Jan Sibelius, the great Finnish composer whose 84th birthday was celebrated December 8th. "Pay no attention to what critics say," cautioned Sibelius. "There has never been set up a statue in honor of a critic."

On the subject of birthdays, Winston Churchill recently celebrated his 75th. At a birthday dinner party, Winnie is reported to have said: "I am ready to meet my Maker. Whether my Maker is prepared for the great ordeal of meeting me is another matter."

Which reminds us that there's a fellow in the United States who is convinced that what the average American needs is Shakespeare spoken in language he can understand. This lover of the Bard has rewritten *Julius Caesar*,

Hamlet and *Romeo and Juliet*. So far, everybody to whom he's submitted the plays has flipped them back cold. One of those was the humorist James Thurber, who wrote him: "You have the distinction of making the most magnificent step in the wrong direction I have ever seen. Give me 'How goes the night?' and you can keep 'What time is it?'"

The Play's the Thing!

Marc Connelly, the Pulitzer Prize playwright who wrote *The Green Pastures*, once had promised a producer a new play. A full year went by and the anxious producer received no word from Connelly, not even a synopsis. Impatient for a smash hit, the producer called Connelly on the phone.

"Where's that play?" the itching producer demanded. "I want to get my cast assembled."

"It's coming along," Connelly assured his caller.

"Just how much have you written?" the producer asked, a slight edge of suspicion in his voice.

"Well," Connelly replied, "you know the play is to be in three acts and two intermissions. I've just finished the intermissions."

Groucho Marx is cherished for his rapier wit; his devastating retorts have become famous. Perhaps his best thrust was delivered to an officious celebrity hunter who approached Groucho at a party.

"Surely," she purred, "you remember me, of course, Mr. Marx. We met at the Redman's, remember?"

"I never forget a face," replied Groucho. "But in your case, I'll make an exception."

The late Alexander Woollcott, writer, critic, actor, radio story-teller and the original of "the man who came to dinner," is credited with a similar retort.

Woollcott, who was often called "the smartest of Alects," was telling a story to an intimate group at a class reunion. A fellow alumnus walked up and interrupted Woollcott with, "Hello, Alex! You remember me, don't you?"

"I can't remember your name," replied Woollcott, "but don't tell me."

The Pince-Nez Pinches

And then there is the story told of Sir Henry Irving, the famous English actor. Irving, the most celebrated Shakespearean actor of his time, was largely self-educated and had come up in the theatre from a walk-on. He couldn't tolerate people who put on airs.

One night, at a dinner party, Irving was seated next to a wealthy snob who was doing his best to belittle the actor and embarrass him. Knowing that Irving had never attended a university, the snob inquired in a loud voice, "Were you ever at Oxford, old boy?"

"No," Irving replied politely, "but my secretary was."



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